

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Progressives' Bid for Power

WHO'S BOSS in national politics?

Well, just start something, say in effect Messrs. Norris, Borah, La Follette, Wheeler, and the rest of the little group of Progressive irregulars in Congress.

Try to pass any law through the evenly divided Seventy-second Congress without the help of those balance-of-power votes.

And—this is an “earful” for the now cheerful Democratic leaders—try to elect a Democratic Presidential candidate in 1932 who doesn't appeal to our millions of restless followers throughout the country.

In the meantime, they point out, who but the Progressives are telling the country how to solve all its vexatious political and economic problems?

THIS little job of telling the country was, of course, the chief object of the recent Progressive conference in Washington. This conference, writes Edward G. Pinkham in the *Kansas City Star*, may be considered “a gage of the left-wing purpose to keep its battle going through the Congressional recess, to rally all liberalism, except wet liberalism, to its standard, and to make life as unhappy as possible for the Administration in the next conference.” It was through such a conference, a Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* recalls, “that the Roosevelt movement in 1912 was born, and a similar meeting of so-called Progressives in 1924 culminated in the third-party movement headed by La Follette.”

With Congress out of session the Progressives had the Washington limelight to themselves, and the dominating personalities seemed to capture the imagination of the press writers. The original call, for the conference on March 11 and 12, it will be remembered, was issued by five Senators, the nominally Republican Norris, La Follette, and Cutting, and the nominally Democratic Wheeler and Costigan. Other leaders in the discussions were Senator Borah, Mayor Murphy of Detroit, Professor Beard of Columbia, and various labor leaders, economists, writers, social workers, and publicists with “liberal” proclivities.

CHAIRMAN and acknowledged leader of the gathering was the venerable Norris of Nebraska, with his old-fashioned country manner, his “curiously jutting chin; strangely deep-set eyes, like black stars; facial features remotely those of a Chinese

mandarin or, even, when he rolls his head, of a Chinese idol”—so William Hard describes him in a *Consolidated Press* dispatch. This was the man who told his hearers—they were officially counted as 174—of the Progressives' desire “only to relieve the distress of our fellow men, and do what we can to place our Government, in all its branches, on a higher and more efficient plane of operation.” This was the man who attacked the “power trust” in these words—

“They have taken part in politics, from the school-district director all the way up through the channels of political activity, to and including the Presidency; they have spent millions in corrupting and misleading legislators, regulated commissions, political parties, and all other men and organizations having to do with the so-called regulation of public utilities. Wherever it has been possible they have contaminated the press of the United States.”

AND Borah of Idaho, grinning as he hears himself described by the radio announcer as “the Demosthenes of Congress, who knows his oratorical onions.” Borah's big speech on the first day of the conference put the blame for accentuating and deepening the present business depression upon “a coterie of capitalists who inaugurated the most

vicious era of speculation and inflation of which the world gives any record.” Taking the estimate that 4 per cent. of our people own 80 per cent. of the wealth of the country, the Senator insisted that “there should be a political party in this country—if not a political party, then a political voice—which shall worry more about the 96 per cent. than they are worrying about the 4 per cent.” And as the Senator described the plight of ruined investors seeking an end “in a suicide's grave,” of “brave, self-reliant” farmers facing bankruptcy and even hunger, he would, to quote William Hard again, lean over in the manner of a “large bull peering over a fence,” while his emotion accentuated the lines of his face—lines that are not lines but “long, deep dents,” “crevices,” “crevasses,” “the deepest facial ditches known to politics.”

Also, there was Edward P. Costigan, the new Democratic Senator from Colorado. He was the tariff specialist of the conference. As he placed much of the responsibility for our depression on “unnecessarily severe and one-sided tariff poli-



Over Two Flags

—Macauley in the Brooklyn “Eagle.”

cies," observers like Mr. Hard noticed the man's "elongated nose; elongated chin; elongated cheek lines; remarkable resemblance to medallions of Savonarola, great reforming ecclesiastic of Renaissance Florence." And the resemblance, adds Mr. Hard, is "not a mere coincidence either."

Perhaps the most notable figure outside the Congressional group was Mayor Murphy of Detroit. Mr. Hard dashes off this impression of the Mayor and his speech at the conference:

"Hit of the whole conference. Young. Bushy eyebrows. Shaggy hair. Pallid, sensitive, big-boned fighting face. Per-

for special session of Congress to make a study of unemployment reserve or insurance funds, of the place of public works in industrial stabilization, of increased purchasing power, and the shorter work day and week; of the coordination of relief and stabilization activities of Federal, State, and local governments."

WELL, what's to come of it all?

David Lawrence calls the conference "an attempt to drive both parties into acceptance of certain Progressive doctrines as the price of Progressive support in organizing Congress."

The new Congress, as Mark Sullivan reminds us in the *New York Herald Tribune*, will be almost equally divided between the two great parties in both Houses. The Progressives will hold the balance of power—"from roll-call to roll-call, whichever party offers most for them will get their support." Democratic conservatives may not like to unite with the Progressives. But Mr. Sullivan is convinced that "the Democrats as a whole will do it." Thus in many cases, "the Progressives will propose legislation and the Democrats will support it." To bring this about, we are told, was half of what the Progressives had in mind in calling the conference.

The other half of their purpose has to do "with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency." They have acknowledged that the third-party notion is futile. They are on record against President Hoover. So, continues Mr. Sullivan:

"The Progressives' hope and purpose lie in having the Democrats make a nomination which they can support. The nominee they have in mind is Gov. Franklin Roosevelt of New York. The particular attraction which Governor Roosevelt has for the Progressives is his position on the power question, which Senator Norris considers paramount."

So we find the correspondents writing columns of comment on the way the Progressives have boosted the Roosevelt boom. It puts the New York Governor "in a pretty strong position," writes Frank R. Kent in the *Baltimore Sun*, and yet he notes the possibility that the support of Western radicals may make the industrial wet States of the East less friendly.

Progressives are welcomed to the Democratic side by papers of Democratic leanings like the *Richmond News-Leader*, *Mobile Register*, and *Omaha World-Herald*. But the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* warns against "Progressive arrogance":

"If a Democrat is elected, the Progressives will say we did it! If the Democrats lose, the Progressives will refuse any responsibility."

When we come to the Progressive program itself, editorial opinion naturally divides. Here are papers like the *Philadelphia Record* (Ind.), *Baltimore Sun* (Ind.), and *Newark News* (Ind.) grateful to the Progressives for bringing important economic and political questions into the limelight of public discussion. Here is the *Scripps-Howard Washington News* welcoming the Progressives' activity based on their belief "that the same human intelligence which is conquering the problems of disease and of science can be used to solve our economic and political problems." And *The News* declares:

"If democracy can not provide jobs and a decent living for the masses, as the Progressives demand, this country is headed for Fascism or Communism."

On the other hand, a group of conservative dailies find the Progressive conference empty of accomplishment, a mere "meeting of the mavericks." The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* sees them "confused and puzzled." The *Washington Post* ironically pities the Progressives whose conference reached such a "lame and impotent conclusion." It seems to the *Chicago Evening Post* that these "master critics" have no constructive remedies for the ills they describe. Other dailies emphasize the difference of opinion between leading Progressives to show that they will never succeed in any joint endeavors.



A Marriage (K) Not!

—Thiele in the Providence "News-Tribune."

sonality plus, and then another plus. Artist of presentation. Begins by telling detailed facts of his own fight against unemployment in Detroit. Establishes himself as man of practical action. Then launches into theory and philosophy. Carries his auditors upward and upward with him. Insists upon unemployment insurance. Says we now have it, through bread lines and coal allowances, and free private charities, in a shabby and degrading form."

AFTER these speeches, the convention appoints committees which will arrange for studying the farmers' troubles and unemployment during the summer. It adopts a number of resolutions, the chief suggestions in which are thus briefly summed up by Warren W. Wheaton in a *Philadelphia Public Ledger* dispatch:

"Tariff—Scientific revision in rates and administrative clauses; recapture by Congress of tariff-changing powers now exercised by the President; a non-partizan commission to be aided by a people's counsel to report recommended tariff changes to Congress.

Representative government—Strengthening of Federal Corrupt Practices Act and extension to cover primary elections; speedy submission to States of Norris 'lame duck' amendment; speedy enactment of an effective anti-injunction law; legislation to improve the direct primary; provision compelling Cabinet officers to appear before Congress to answer inquiries; repeal of the Espionage Act; stop government spies and wire-tapping; end post-office censorship over newspapers, magazines, books, and other organs of opinion; amendment of the immigration laws to prevent deportation of political refugees; abolition of the electoral college; change in House rules, and special handling of private and local bills.

"Unemployment—The conferees deplored failure of Federal authorities to make provision for 'millions on the verge of starvation'; urged appointment of subcommittees to make a rapid survey, upon the results of which will depend demand

Wickersham Perplexed by Public Puzzlement

OUR PROHIBITION "PUZZLER" is pictured as perplexed.

"The entire country," explains the *Birmingham News*, "has been puzzled by the Wickersham report. Now Mr. Wickersham professes to be puzzled at its reception."

"So now we're all puzzled."

And the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* agrees that "this makes it unanimous."

Thus one section of the press views George W. Wickersham's recent speech in Boston, in which he struck back at wet critics of his commission's report on Prohibition. But many papers rally to support him, and even some that were critical when the report was issued now thank Mr. Wickersham for shedding more light on the document. On a smaller scale, the storm that followed the pronouncement of the commission rages all over again.

But before "hefting" the brickbats and viewing the bouquets that the editors are handing out, let us turn to the speech itself.

The short, white-mustached, seventy-two-year-old Chairman of President Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement looked through his big round spectacles at "a friendly audience of 1,000 persons" at the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Launching into "his first defense" of the Prohibition report, which was reviewed in *THE DIGEST* on January 31, he declared, according to the head-lines, that "the anti-Prohibition cause is favored in the report," and denied that its conclusions are contradictory.

"Curiously enough," said Mr. Wickersham, "the most vehement criticism and the most abusive articles came almost exclusively, so far as I can learn, from the wet press. I say 'curiously,' because I should have thought the wets would have derived more encouragement from the report and the separate statements of the commissioners attached to it than the dries."

POINTING out that "in the past there was much well-founded complaint of the extreme intolerance of the Prohibitionists," he asserted that "this peculiar characteristic of late appears to have been appropriated by their opponents." Again he scored:

"The report sought to set forth temperately, without fear or favor, the facts relating to the problem, which, it seems to us, must be considered by the American people in determining the future policy of the nation in dealing with this vitally important subject."

"No group of eleven men and women could solve a problem upon which there is such a fundamental difference of opinion."

"Apparently a large body of anti-Prohibitionists expected the commission to find a way for them to secure liquor with ease, and were enraged when we failed to do so."

As for that hotly debated topic, the differences between the conclusions formulated in the report and the separate statements of the commissioners—the wets charge that while the report itself upheld the Eighteenth Amendment, a majority of commissioners wanted it changed—Mr. Wickersham thinks that "a careful study of these documents will satisfy any impartial mind that these differences are mainly confined to the remedies suggested for the ills recognized in the report"—

"The report frankly recognizes the evils which have developed in the course of ten years of the administration of the national Prohibition Act, but, nevertheless, points out that the great achievement of the act has been the abolition of the legalized saloon."

"The question of alternatives to the existing order," the Chairman then revealed, "gave members of the commission great concern." And he continued:

"Some of us, of whom I am one, feared that any of the modifications proposed would inevitably lead to the restoration of the licensed saloon, with all the evils of this institution in the past,

and therefore were unwilling at this time to abandon all further efforts to bring about a general observance of the Eighteenth Amendment."

ASSERTING that "for some mysterious reason, journalistic criticism was directed particularly at the conclusions and recommendations as tho they were utterly at variance with the report," Mr. Wickersham declared that "misrepresentations have confused the public mind." He said further:

"Nor am I able to understand how any one could be misled by these conclusions with regard to the nature of the report itself. The only point left undisclosed in them was as to what members of the commission constituted each of the two classes described in conclusion No. 10, whose views as to the possibility of enforcement differed. The answer to that question was furnished by the separate statements printed with each report."

Now for the brickbats and bouquets.

"Mr. Wickersham did not clarify the report of his commis-



Explaining the Explanation

—Pease in the Newark "News."

sion in his speech," declares the *Richmond News-Leader*. "It was apology, not explanation."

"More Wickershamming" is the way the *St. Louis Star* refers to the address, and to the *Philadelphia Record* it is "just about as helpful as the original document." "The confusion still exists," adds the *Lynchburg News*, "and the report still isn't worth whatever was paid for it."

But listen to the *Cleveland News*:

"Mr. Wickersham is to be commended for his frankness and honesty. His opinion will go far toward interpreting the commission's report for the benefit of a somewhat puzzled public."

This interpretation is no less than "a national service," says the *Washington Post*, and Josephus Daniels, publisher of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, adds that "Mr. Wickersham was right in saying the chief achievement of Prohibition is in abolishing the legalized saloon, and the fear that any of the modifications proposed would inevitably lead to the restoration of the licensed saloon."

And praise for the Wickersham report is voiced by the *New York Journal of Commerce* in these words:

"The problems involved can never be settled in an atmosphere of hostility which prevents a clear recognition of practical needs. That is why the Wickersham report is valuable. It establishes certain incontrovertible facts without calling for some sovereign remedy that would have done violence to the independent convictions of the members of the commission."

Will Tammany History Repeat Itself?

THE SARTORIALLY PERFECT MAYOR of New York was speeding across the continent to bask in the sun at Palm Springs.

In New York indignant citizens were calling upon Gov. Franklin Roosevelt to order a city-wide investigation of James J. Walker's Administration—to oust the Tammany favorite, if possible.

"They can find me in the desert, if they want to investigate me," the laughing Mayor told reporters at Kansas City. "It's remarkable, isn't it, that the first investigation of me should come while I'm out of town? I wonder why they didn't investigate me while I was in New York!"

Meanwhile, "Bugs" Baer "wise-cracks" in the *New York American*, "Mayor Walker is in California to recuperate from what's going to happen."

Definite action to bring the Mayor to book came on March 17, when John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, acting for the City Affairs Committee, filed formal charges against him with the Governor, asking the Mayor's removal.

Ten instances were cited in which it was alleged the Mayor had been derelict in his duty. It also was charged, we read, that he "actually sought in every way to obstruct and even block" the progress of the Seabury investigation, which has exposed scandalous conditions centering in the magistrates' courts.

The charges, as made public on March 18, by Governor Roosevelt, without comment, are summarized thus:

"He has appointed unworthy men to public office, and kept in office unworthy men subject by law to his removal. His conduct of the office of Mayor since he took office on January 1, 1930, has been incompetent, inefficient and futile, with the result that the local machinery of government has failed to function properly and the administration of the city has been brought into disrepute."

THE drive to oust the Mayor, declared his assistant, Charles F. Kerrigan, is a move to prevent the prosecution of the officers and directors of the Bank of United States—"one of the greatest frauds and bank swindles of modern times." In a statement to the press, Mr. Kerrigan thus defended the Tammany Administration:

"No sensible person believes that the affairs of the city of New York are reeking with corruption.

"No sensible person believes that the police force as a whole or to any considerable part has been extorting money from unfortunate women, or that the Democratic party of the city had cognizance of these matters, or profited by them in any way.

"We are recognized among the great cities of the world, for our order and for the efficiency of our many departments.

"The people of the city should be watchful lest this conspiracy and propaganda injure the good name of New York and deprive them of the service of their most devoted officials."

Despite these asseverations, papers like the newly reorganized *World-Telegram*, rising to the Pulitzer ideal of militancy, and the Republican *Herald Tribune*, as well as a majority of out-of-

town observers of the tangled web of metropolitan and State politics, join ministers and reform organizations in demanding a city-wide investigation and a thorough municipal housecleaning.

New York seems to be in for another Lexow investigation, observes the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, recalling that out of that historic inquiry grew a reform movement that resulted in the election of Mayor Strong. But:

"Will history repeat itself?

"Tweed and Croker are only memories now, but the spirit which animated them has never really died in Tammany Hall. In any event, a serious investigation is likely to result in noisome revelations. Housecleaning is not a pleasant job; but it is necessary from time to time, and surely the time has come in New York City."



"Come on Out, Let's Know the Worst"

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

FROM distant Utah, the *Salt Lake Telegram* regrets the lack of a leader like Theodore Roosevelt, "who could be depended upon to conduct a crusade which would stir the sluggish temperament of the New Yorker." From a closer point of vantage, the *Newark Evening News* deplores the moral inertia of the metropolis:

"It is an expression of unmorality exactly like that of the gangster world.

"Allied with this ethical decline is a curious lack of public indignation at what has been, and is, going on.

"The indignation may be only dormant, ready to spring to life when the hour strikes, but it has not yet found voice in volume equal

to that aroused during, for instance, the Lexow investigation of thirty-five years ago.

"Tammany Hall is snarling, but full of fight. With the exception of the vacation-seeking Mayor, it is standing by its guns.

"If the people of New York are not aroused by the cumulating disclosures, they need not be surprised if self-respecting people avoid the city as they would a plague-ridden place."

THE press of other great cities of the United States are scrutinizing the New York situation carefully, and not without a certain hard-boiled amusement. Comparison with Chicago is inevitable, and Owen L. Scott, of the Consolidated Press Association, reports that that much-maligned community "is chuckling audibly at the mere mention of New York City."

If the present agitation develops along the lines of the Lexow investigation, which resulted in the temporary overthrow of Tammany power, political prophets predict, Judge Samuel Seabury, referee for the Appellate Division Vice Inquiry, may be elected as the "reform" Mayor. Lemuel F. Parton, of the Consolidated Press, explains that a "quiet, off-stage campaign" for Judge Seabury is now being organized:

"Political insiders confirmed the report that the current reform upheaval, the first menacing challenge to Tammany since the Lexow investigation, was bringing diverse elements together behind Judge Seabury, as a possible leader of the newly amalgamated forces. The judge is a Democrat of unchallenged integrity, descendant of a long line of clerics of the Episcopal Church, and a foe of Tammany, without the taint of either shoddy politics or fanatical reform."

Tammany's strategy in the present crisis, explains Mr. Parton, is "to sit tight on the lid."

The Wagner Veto Uproar

A GENIAL, SQUAT, AND TUBBY SOLON of fifty-four drops his geniality to explode: "President Hoover has failed every man who is out pounding the pavements in search of work."

So declares the Democratic Senator Robert F. Wagner, whose description is supplied by Douglas Gilbert of the New York *World-Telegram*.

Cut to the quick by Mr. Hoover's post-session veto of the Wagner Federal Employment Service bill, the Senator and his social-worker supporters strike back with bitter words, and the President finds himself the target of one of the most scathing attacks of his career. The bill, says Senator Wagner, would have set up "a nation-wide, well-coordinated employment-service, efficiently and fairly guiding the man to the job."

However, the President does not lack defenders. Many papers uphold his veto and retort effectively to his critics. The debate takes a curious twist from the fact that the Democratic New York *Times* sides with Mr. Hoover, while the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* says that he should have signed the measure.

Supported by opinions from Attorney-General Mitchell and Secretary of Labor Doak, the President said in his veto statement that "if I would prevent a serious blow to labor during this crisis, I should not approve the bill." He found that it "abolishes the whole of the present well-developed Federal employment service, and proposes . . . to set up an entirely new plan by subsidies to the States from the Federal Treasury. . . . It can not be made effective for many months, or even years. . . . This bill proposes to destroy the Federal employment service in the Department of Labor, which has developed out of many years of experience, and to substitute for it forty-eight practically independent agencies, each under State control, the Federal Government paying for them up to 50 per cent."

THE President also said that the Wagner measure made "no provision for the continuation of the two very important special services" devoted to veterans, and to planting and harvesting.

"There is no financial loss to labor in allowing this bill to lapse," he added, promising to have a plan drafted for presentation to the next session of Congress "which will avoid the difficulties presented by this bill."

A flat contradiction is Senator Wagner's answer. He accuses the Administration of "persistent postponement and procrastination"—

"No one will be deceived by the President's declaration that the bill would be a blow to labor. . . .

"The new service can go into operation the identical second that the old service ceases. . . .

"Nor is it true that the veteran service and the agricultural service would have to be abolished. . . .

"Apparently three years is not enough time within which to persuade the President that the very ideas he is supposed to have stood for are valid."

And many experts on the unemployment problem agree with Senator Wagner, the press tells us.

"The unemployed will feel that the Government has failed them," declares William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial

Commissioner of New York State, says the veto is "a very great surprise to those of us who believed that even the greatest in the land had become convinced that the terrible plight of the unemployed must be mitigated by the use of intelligent and well-coordinated means of job-finding."

The veto comes "at a moment when the ineffectiveness of the existing system is being daily demonstrated in the experience of the unemployed," asserts Miss Mary Van Kleeck, director of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Some critics accuse the President of playing politics, and point to the Doak substitute bill which the Administration failed to get through the House.

This vetoed Wagner bill, we are reminded by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* "was one of three originally proposed by Senator Wagner in an unemployment-prevention program. Two bills, one providing for the collection of adequate labor statistics, and the other for scientific long-range planning of public works by Federal departments and agencies to speed work in the incipient stages of a depression, have already been enacted."

As for those who uphold the President in this dispute, the Washington *Post* says that he gives "unanswerable reasons for his veto," and it retorts to the charge of politics by pointing out that he signed the two other Wagner measures. "Both courageous and convincing," is the veto statement, in the opinion of the Kansas City *Star*, and many papers agree.



And That's That

Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, who wins her fight for equal nationality rights for women.

American Women Are Americans

TALL AND SLENDER, quick-smiling, dark-eyed Ruth Bryan Owen sees a long fight end in victory.

President Hoover signs an amendment to the Cable Act which Florida's woman representative sponsored in the House. Thus success caps a twenty-five-year campaign against laws depriving women of American citizenship when they marry foreigners.

Now, we read, the United States has been added to the list of thirteen nations in which women have the same nationality rights with men. Mrs. Owen has all the more reason to be pleased at this outcome, we are told, because she once lost her own citizenship through marriage to a British Army officer.

As explained by *The Woman's Journal*, of New York:

"The amendment to the Cable Act provides that an American woman shall not forfeit her citizenship, even tho her alien husband may because of race, nationality, or other causes be ineligible for citizenship.

"It permits women who have previously lost their citizenship by marriage to an ineligible alien to become repatriated without submitting to a long naturalization process.

"It also permits women married to aliens who have lived abroad for more than two years, and who have formerly been presumed to have lost their citizenship, to regain it."

HERE ends "the most important battle women have carried on since the suffrage campaign," says the New York *World-Telegram*.

"A woman's right to her nationality should be equal to that of a man," says the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, giving the common view. "So long as both have political equality, their rights to citizenship should rest on the same footing. This is so logical that anything to the contrary is absurd."

Good News from Arkansas

SPRING COMES TO ARKANSAS, and the State bursts into bloom.

Pictured not long ago as a land of dusty desolation, sucked dry by the drought, it again turns into a garden spot.

Rains have blest the State, giving her hundreds of thousands of farmers a fighting chance to recover from their economic plight.

New hopes are springing up with the new crops. The farm bread line vanishes as the 500,000 fed by the Red Cross are restored to independence. Banks that were forced to close when the cotton crop failed are reopening. Throughout Arkansas a new spirit is manifest, a determination to regain the ground lost, to win back for this hardest hit of the drought States the prestige she enjoyed prior to the disaster of 1930.

This picture of a new Arkansas emerges from material gathered for THE LITERARY DIGEST in a State-wide survey. The plans for rejuvenation, outlined in our issue of February 28, are developing fast. The key-note of dozens of statements by Arkansans is sounded by Darsie Ellington, editor of *The Daily Times Echo* of Eureka Springs:

"Business in general is looking up, the spirit of pessimism has vanished, and the citizens of the State, undaunted, are setting themselves to the tasks of bringing order out of chaos. Optimism is the word to-day."

"Arkansas has learned her lesson"—that is the gist of dozens of statements which say that never again will the State depend upon the cotton crop alone. "Diversification" is the cry to-day. By planting a variety of crops, farmers will be able to feed their families and live-stock through the winter, even if a drought should come again. State authorities and the Red Cross are pushing the "live-at-home" program of self-maintenance. As we are told by Stanley Andrews, editor of *The Arkansas Farmer*:

"Arkansas is starting out of the dumps of 1930 with a firm foothold, founded in the thousands of home gardens and potato patches that are dotting the landscape.

"Let nature give us half a chance and the world will see this fall the bounty that Arkansas farms can bestow when properly handled.

"We are going to be farmers this year, and not cotton-market financiers."

AN idea of how strongly the diversification program is being pushed may be formed from the fact that 100,000 four-pound packages of garden seed had been distributed by the Red Cross early this month—and the seed planted—we are told by *The Arkansas Gazette*. This represents 13,000,000 individual packets. An additional 25,000 four-pound packages had been ordered.

Eight million dollars of the Federal feed, seed, and fertilizer fund will be borrowed by Arkansans, it is estimated, and one of the provisions of the loan is that the farmer must plant garden crops and live-stock feed crops, "making borrowers almost immune from a repetition of the results of drought."

"There is activity in all branches of industry and human endeavor," says the *Camden News*, "and we feel, after closely observing the situation, that our people are laying the foundation for one of the most productive and prosperous years in our history"—

"More than two-thirds of the banks of the State which failed last fall because of the crop shortage have opened again, and millions of dollars that were locked up and put out of circulation are finding their way into all channels of trade, and the effect on business and the general financial situation is stimulating and encouraging."

"All in all," writes Darsie Ellington, already quoted, "Arkansas is busy in its march to prosperity after several months of severe affliction."

Bad as conditions became when the drought ruined the cotton crop and started a train of disasters, many representative Arkansans seem to feel that the State has been forced to suffer unnecessary hardship through adverse publicity, much of it alleged to be overdrawn. As a result, "investors shy away from Arkansas State bonds," one editor points out, "and investment companies are reluctant to loan money in the State." This is unjust, we are told, for natural resources are unimpaired and a good crop year will spell prosperity. In the words of C. A. Ver Beck of the *Fort Smith Times Record*:

"Untold damage has been done to the State through unfavorable publicity. So-called public speakers, outside newspapers and writers, and some of the State's native sons, in their zeal to secure aid for drought victims, have overshot the mark.

"There are plenty of hard-luck stories which are true, to be sure. There are plenty of others floating around which are not true. But we in Arkansas are in a position to know conditions as they actually are. And there is no reason for us to be downhearted. All is not lost. The future is bright. We soon will be on the way to recovery."

How the "undeserved besmirching of the name of Arkansas" has resulted "from the best intentions in the world on the part of people who thought they were doing us a favor" is explained by C. F. Byrns of *The Southwest American*, Fort Smith. "Trucks bearing food for Arkansas have come from the four corners of the nation," he says, and each bore a banner explaining its mission, with the result that it gave adverse publicity to Arkansas in every city and State through which it came. Mr. Byrns continues:

"It is a safe bet that 90 per cent. of the half million Arkansas people who have been fed by the Red Cross this winter were being fed by their employers, their friends or their neighbors last winter, and the one before that.

"That half million has never had much more purchasing power in normal times than they have now with the Red Cross aid they are receiving.

"Yet the impression has gone abroad in the land that Arkansas is broke, its people are starving, and it is no market for anything one has to sell, and no place to invest what funds one wishes to put to work.

"Damaged by drought and financial difficulty, misrepresented by exaggerated stories of starvation and misery, Arkansas can only stand its ground, keep a stiff upper lip, plant and tend its crops, keep the wheels of industry turning, and pray, 'Lord, save us from our friends.'"

"Let's quit our bellyaching," exhorts *The Arkansas Farmer* in another editorial:

"Arkansas has been standing a beggar before the world, a Lazarus at the gate asking help of others, and our leaders admitting that we could not take care of ourselves. It is not a very good picture for a self-respecting Arkansas to hold. That impression has gone out and, whether true or not, Arkansas will thus be pictured.

"Now, folks, it's time to face about. We have been hit, but we have probably howled just a little louder than we have been hurt.

"Heaven forbid that the time will ever come again when Arkansas farmers will have to ask the people of the nation to contribute so that they may be fed.

"Many of you fellows are not to blame for the [one-crop] system that has been fastened upon you. Few of you are in any way responsible for the financial débâcle which tied up our credit and prevented those who might have helped themselves from doing it.

"But, by all that is high and holy, we can swear as citizens to change that system and change those conditions so the future will not find a repetition of it.

"Let's quit bellyaching. Let's take this lesson to heart and build more soundly for the future."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

ALL work and no play makes jack a dull joy.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

"ECONOMY in Museums," says a heading. Is that where it is?—*Passing Show (London)*.

THE Bolsheviks say there is no unemployment in Russia. And practically no wages.—*Dallas News*.

TELEVISION by 1933, they say. Well, a fellow is safe for a couple of years yet.—*American Lumberman*.

FEW if any World War veterans are so enfeebled, it appears, as to be unable to stand a loan.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

THE highly revelatory clothes era ended just in time to keep the girls from utilizing cellophane.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THE voice of the people would be more effective, however, as a chorus instead of a medley.—*Manila Bulletin*.

THE money shortage has its bright side: It has been more than a year since any one offered \$25,000 for a prize plan of any sort.—*Detroit News*.

FREE speech is to be restored in Spain. We hope it is better than these free speeches Congressmen send us.—*American Lumberman*.

ONE reason Gandhi in a bath-towel is so trusted by the Indian masses is because everybody can see he has nothing up his sleeve.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

"PEDESTRIANS are prone to carelessness," says a magistrate. And after they have been careless they are certainly prone.—*The Humorist (London)*.

WE note in a news item that Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia, in disguise, visited the unemployed. This all occurred, however, outside city hall, so that there will be no resentment on the part of those who are on the municipal pay-roll.—*Boston Herald*.

"PERSHING Visits Canadians and Praises Their Fine Spirit," says a head-line. Some of our tourists have done the same thing.—*American Lumberman*.

THEY are making rubber from Western sage-brush. Now we know what makes the plains stretch so far in every direction.—*New York Evening Journal*.

A CHINESE printer and his family manage to live on eight dollars a month. However, a Chinese type font would make a lot of pi.—*Weston Leader*.

SPEAKER LONGWORTH says that organization of the next Congress is up to an all-wise Providence. That will certainly be an innovation.—*San Diego Union*.

A VISITING British lecturer says that Americans have a bored look. If he'd just stay away from his own lectures, perhaps he wouldn't notice it.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE Farm Board is now selling a lot of wheat in Europe at the loss of a tidy sum per bushel. This is constructive statesmanship, tho some ignorant foreigners can hardly tell it from dumping.—*The New Yorker*.

THE LITERARY DIGEST says that Paul Revere rode to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, instead of Concord, Massachusetts. Probably somebody at the livery stable gave him the wrong road map.—*Judge*.

OF course a man who sees a little dispatch from somewhere which says there are only six women bank presidents in this country doesn't have to go and say that most of them would make grand tellers, tho.—*Boston Herald*.

"GIRLS' ready-to-wear clothes," reads an advertisement. At last.—*Passing Show*.

A BOSTON heiress has married a plumber. The concentration of wealth seems to go on.—*American Lumberman*.

A STATISTICIAN says that we have coal enough to last seven thousand years. What does he mean by "we"?—*Punch*.

NEW YORK is conducting a vigorous anti-noise campaign. It is already well equipped with speak-easies.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

EDWIN SVINHUFVUD has been chosen president of Finland. Imagine shouting, "Hurrah for Svinhufvud."—*Wichita Eagle*.

THE Argentine Government is going into the grain business. We would be glad to sell it ours.—*American Lumberman*.

ANOTHER sign that the depression is passing is that the bread lines are breaking up and re-forming at the public golf links.—*Judge*.

THEY say Al Capone made a fine appearance in the rôle of a defendant in court. He should be given the part oftener.—*San Diego Union*.

THERE may be a good time coming, as a financier has assured us, but all we can say is that it's a good time coming.—*The Humorist*.

THE number of murders committed at the bridge table is less than 1.2 per cent. of those that ought to have been committed.—*San Diego Union*.

A PAIR of loaded dice used for "shooting craps" in Cleopatra's day has been discovered. Antony, no doubt, was the Mark.—*Weston Leader*.

ALABAMA's legislature resolves and demands that bootleggers give a full sixteen-ounce pint. The fellows should be made to understand that violation of the weights and measures statutes fosters disrespect for all laws.—*The New Yorker*.

AND with only a casual study of the census figures, it's quite easy to see what the country's coming to. It's coming to the city.—*Judge*.

MEASURE Calculated to Relieve Taxpayer Proposed. Head-line. What's a taxpayer got left to be relieved of?—*Arkansas Gazette*.

ANOTHER problem is the English language. The other day, for instance, the newspapers reported that General Butler is retiring.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

LIST prices of stock exchange securities increased by nearly \$5,000,000,000 in the last month. These are certainly hard times.—*San Diego Union*.

A WRITER declares that every single man makes a false step sooner or later. Thereafter, of course, he is known as a married man.—*Passing Show*.

THE Flint Journal says that "one of the causes of all this distress is overprediction." Which indicates, however, plenty of prophets.—*Weston Leader*.

WORRY is the cause of three-fourths of the ills of business men, says a neurologist of note. It's darned hard to be in the pink when you are already in the red.—*Boston Herald*.

BERNARD BARUCH proposes a law to "freeze" prices, profits, and wages on the outbreak of war, thus preventing profiteering. But in that case, what's the good of the war?—*St. Louis Star*.

IN court last week a man said he had purchased a hairdressing saloon for a thousand pounds. We understand, however, that when he entered the place he really intended only to have a shave.—*The Humorist*.



Suppressing the Depression

—Warren in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

FOREIGN COMMENT

A Frenchman for Treaty Revision

RECONCILIATION OR WAR is the choice confronting France and Germany.

Such is the audacious assertion of Gustave Hervé, veteran agitator and editor of *La Victoire*, a Paris Nationalist daily.

"He is a madman—or a traitor!" cries the incensed *Action*



A Tip to France

Germany: "As long as you keep that barrier in my way, France, what's the use of talking about peace and good-will?"

—"Il '420'" (Florence).

Française, Royalist organ and bitterest enemy of Mr. Hervé's challenging ideas.

Here is a Frenchman, an avowed patriot, who dares publicly to advocate the wiping out of Germany's war debts to France, hoping that France may in turn ask the United States to clean the slate.

Even his adherents hesitate to follow in his footsteps, Mr. Hervé confesses. But:

"To-day we are only a handful.

"In a year we shall be legion.

"This is the way, besides, that in all times new ideas have been launched.

"In truth, I am telling you, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles is under way.

"With our revolutionary method, we have a 95 per cent. chance to effect a frank and loyal reconciliation between our two peoples, and to provoke, on the other side of the Rhine, an explosion of durable friendship and gratitude."

MR. HERVÉ, who conducts a campaign along these lines in *La Victoire*, and has collected his recent articles into a book entitled *La Réconciliation ou La Guerre*, takes care to explain that he is not for revision of the Treaty "because I believe that the Imperial German Government was not principally responsible for the war of 1914, but because non-revision of the Treaty would make us responsible for a new war which would exceed in ruin and devastation that of 1914."

Mr. Hervé, who began his career haranguing the proletariat, becomes melodramatic in his warning to France, Germany, and Europe:

"Take care, France! Take care, Germany! Take care, Europe! A new Franco-German war, engendering a new European war, would mean the downfall of all civilization.

"Wo to us, Frenchmen! Wo to you, Germans! Wo to all of us Europeans, if we permit war again, with its cortège of suffering horrors and devastation, to fall anew upon us.

"Attila, the Scourge of God, is at our gates in the form of a universal Bolshevik revolution which will drag down all our civilization into an abyss of blood and mud.

"Frenchmen and Germans, the hour is come to choose. Reconciliation or war? Reconciliation or universal Bolshevism!

"Reconciliation or a plunge together into barbarism!"

THE only alternative is to agree—and to agree without further loss of time upon a program of revision, according to Mr. Hervé. Nevertheless, he emphatically denies that his project is "the bleating of a pacifist." Among his terms for Franco-German reconciliation, we find the following:

"1. Considerable reduction or even annulment of the reparations debts as soon as the United States will annul the Allies' debts.

"2. Renunciation of the plebiscite in the Saare, a renunciation which would allow us to avoid public humiliation in 1935, for infallibly that plebiscite will be in favor of Germany.

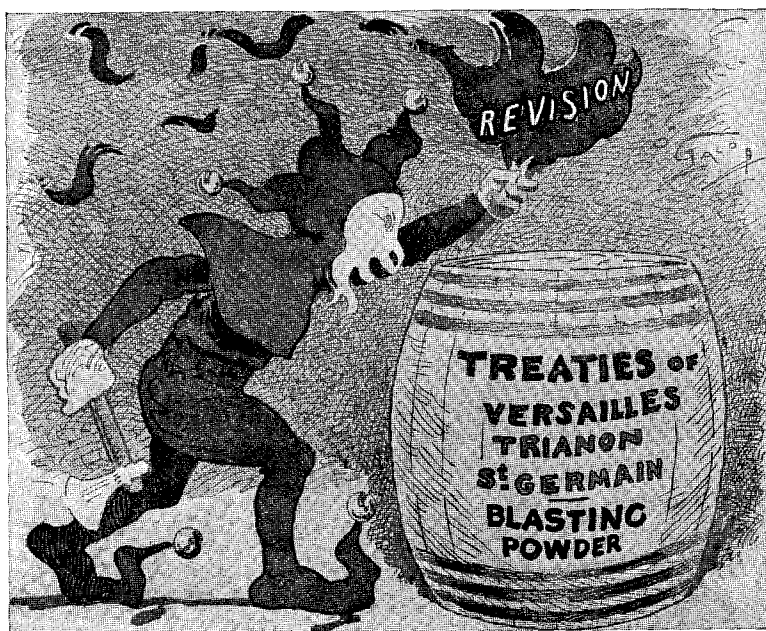
"3. Authorization of the reabsorption by Germany of the seven million Germans in Austria, an authorization which would change nothing fundamentally.

"4. Restitution to the Germans of the two sections of Togoland and of the Cameroons, which France retains under mandate, a restitution which would leave France still at the head of a colonial empire enormous and even disproportionate to our miserable birth-rate."

Who should take the first step toward this imperative reconciliation? asks Mr. Hervé, and he answers without hesitation:

"France ought to take the first step, first because we are the victors of the Great War. Yes, I understand, we did not conquer Germany all alone, and the frightful crisis of our diminishing birth-rate, a result of the foolish de-Christianizing of our people for a period of fifty years, made it impossible, even with an energetic man like Clemenceau at the head of France, to take advantage of our military victory.

"But none the less, we are the chief victors of the Great War. . . . It is much easier for the victor to take the first step, even if the vanquished has offered stiff resistance."



A French Warning

"Let you rabid shouters for revision beware of the explosion that may follow!"

—"Panurge" (Paris).

A New Soviet-Japanese Tiff

INDIGNATION OF JAPANESE EDITORS flames high against the Soviet authorities.

The reason is, they allege, that the Soviet Russians do not abide by a fishery agreement made by the Czarist Government in the Portsmouth Treaty, and recognized by the Soviet Government in a pact signed in 1928.

The Osaka *Mainichi* asks us to remember that:

"Japan risked her national existence in order to check the tidal onrush of Slavic aggression in Asia.

"One prize of the desperate struggle was the Russian pledge to abide by the open-door policy in her Asiatic territories.

"To this end it was stipulated in the Portsmouth Treaty that Russia should recognize the right of Japanese citizens to engage in fishing in the Sea of Okhotsk and the Bering Sea (Article 11).

"The Soviet authorities can not declare they do not recognize the commitment of the régime they have overthrown. They have themselves signed the agreement of 1928, whereby they recognized the right of Japanese to engage in fishing in these waters on equal ground with the Russians (Article 3).

"Despite these solemn agreements, the Soviet authorities have been steadily carrying on their recondite scheme of upsetting Japanese enterprises in Russian territories.

"They have forcibly closed the Bank of Chosen in Vladivostok, thereby denying the Japanese the right to pay their fishing fees in Russian currency at its normal exchange rate.

"They now demand that the Japanese enterprises pay their fees in Japanese currency at the exchange rate of the ruble, which they arbitrarily fix at a high point."

To yield to this preposterous request of the Soviet Government, this Osaka newspaper goes on to say, means not only enormous loss to all the Japanese fishing enterprises in the zone, but practical abandonment of the right so dearly acquired.

How can the Japanese compete with the Russians, it asks, if they must pay for the same fishing franchise fees many times more than the Russians pay?

How the Peseta Threatens the Throne

IF the Spanish throne collapses, and Alfonso and the royal family are eventually driven into exile, the real villain of the tragedy may be neither conspirator nor revolutionist, but the lowly shrinking peseta, which has now sunk in value to 10½ cents instead of its normal 19.

This is the conclusion of no sensational journalist, but the testimony of a sober economist, writing in the dignified *London Statist*. All elements of sound prosperity are to be found in Alfonso's realm, says this observer; but the Spanish Government refuses to face the consequences of having adopted a gold standard. Results: adverse exchange, higher prices, business instability, foreign trade difficulties, depression, and intensified dissatisfaction. As we read:

"Spain has ample resources, if she were willing to allow gold to be liberally exported when the exigencies of exchange demanded it. But during recent months she has been unwilling to do so.

"Spain has probably a greater diversity of elements in her population than any other country in Europe.

"She has represented in her population peoples deriving from western Asia, from northern Africa, and from all the other races of Europe. Central Spain is a great elevated plateau, surrounded by mountains sloping down to a coastal area, which is subtropical.

"Spain is naturally an exceedingly fertile country, producing nearly all the most valued agricultural produce associated with the temperate and almost subtropical zones. She grows wheat, barley, maize, oats, rice, and flax, while the vine is cultivated with great success in nearly every province of Spain. Curiously enough, she does not succeed in feeding herself, as she imports, among other things, wheat, flour, and sugar, as well as raw cotton, spirits, and fish."

"Bootlegging" the Fez in Turkey

A HIDDEN STORE of 114 boxes of fezzes were pounced upon by government sleuths at Brusa, in Turkey.

The famous little red hats of Sultanate days in Turkey were destroyed, and the men to whom the lot belonged were arrested and punished. Wearing the fez is held to be a menace to Turkish progress.

The high-hatted and tail-coated Grand National Assembly, which meets at Angora, capital of the Turkish Republic, and is dominated by President Mustafa Kemal Pasha, some years ago issued an edict prohibiting the wearing of the fez.

But, despite this order, it seems there is active "bootlegging"



Underwood & Underwood

Where Bootblacks Prosper

Three shines a day is the bill of citizens of dusty Angora, who from head to foot are becoming more and more Westernized.

of fezzes in Turkey. In a Prague weekly, *The Central European Observer*, Henry Baerlein, a British writer, tells us:

"If ever an innocent little hat became the badge of a great cause, the center of a whirl of passionate devotions and hatreds, it was this little red felt fez.

"It began as the hero of the piece; it ended as the villain. In itself it was a rather gaudy little affair; it was a bit of male plumage, which by contrast made the invisible female of the Turkish species more invisible than ever.

"Perhaps it was a rather foolish little hat, for it afforded its wearer not the slightest protection from the weather. In the rain, indeed, its cheaper varieties used to streak the faces of their wearers with red dye.

"But, on the other hand, it was an emblem which was not intended to serve as a mere article of clothing.

"In the East a man's headwear has always been the most political part of his dress. The Westerner's hat sheds no light on his race, his religion, or his partizanship. It is so meaningless that it is removed from the head and hung on a peg whenever the wearer enters a house."

BUT the fez, we are assured, has always been a serious matter. In former days more than one discreet Westerner, it is related, when approaching a village of uncertain disposition in the less sophisticated interior of the old Ottoman Empire, borrowed a fez from the same precautionary motive that made him unsling his rifle. What is more, we are reminded, the fez was the traditional badge of the faith, and on it is built the whole code of etiquette governing daily intercourse.

The Widow Chang of China

NO CHINESE MOTHERS of the past generation could ever have dreamed of what their daughters would be doing to-day.

They are to be found engaged in various official capacities, writes a well-known observer of Chinese life, J. O. P. Bland, in the *London Graphic*. They are met as school-teachers, physicians, magistrates, and trade-union delegates.

But it must not be thought that the Chinese women who are independent bread-winners are limited to the class of foreign-educated modernists, he says, and then he tells us the story of the famous "Widow Chang." She is connected with the People's party, known as the Kuomintang, which is the political organ of the Nationalist Government, with which so many progressive Chinese women have become affiliated. We read:

"This remarkable woman was at one time the wife of a respectable merchant in Honan. In 1924, her home having been destroyed and her husband put to death by bandits, she managed to escape with her life, and being a woman of exceptional energy and courage, decided that her only chance of avoiding utter destitution was to enrol in the bandits' profession.

"She, therefore, applied for admission to one of the numerous bands infesting the province, and having been accepted for service as a sort of camp-follower, displayed such energy and resource that she speedily rose from the ranks.

"Eventually she became leader of the gang, which soon developed into a well-armed and organized force of 3,000 men.

"Then the Widow Chang gave evidence of remarkable political insight by using her bandit force on the Nationalist side in the recent campaign against the northern war-lords.

"At the end of the campaign the Widow offered permanent service with her troops to the Nanking Government.

"The offer was accepted, and she was given the rank of a general in command of a brigade.

"Her force was incorporated as an intact unit. It is distinguished by the fact that it includes in its ranks a number of women, mostly nieces and sisters-in-law of the Widow.

"Her body-guard is a family affair, which insures her against disloyal intrigues, and provides several of her brothers, cousins, and nephews with a comfortable livelihood."

Mirth Control in Russia

JOKES and caricatures in the alleged funny papers of Russia are subject to rigid control by the Soviets.

If a story of a picture happens to be funny, it is likely to be forbidden as "showing opportunist lack of faith in the creative power of the Proletariat." It may even upset the Five-Year Plan.

So, in ironic vein, writes the Moscow correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Humor, he says, has been rationed. When you look at *Krokodil*, *Lapot*, and other "comic" papers of the Soviet régime, you realize how effectively mirth is controlled by the censorship. Says this Moscow informant:

"Perhaps there are Communists so well disciplined that they bend over and chortle with mirth when they see such heavily propagandist attempts at wit; but one doubts whether there are really very many of them. Turning to the contemporary of *Krokodil*, *Lapot*, one sees a highly didactic sketch of an apple, labeled 'Opportunist,' rolling down a slope where the first sign-post is marked 'Right Deviation.' . . .

"Occasionally something a little funnier makes its way into these magazines. Thus one sees a series of pictures illustrating the case of the professor who set out to Siberia to find iron, and discovers a quantity of it lying unused at the nearest factory; while another series shows peasants, armed with pitchforks and guns, going out to unearth what they think is a bear, only to find that they have come to a cave where the village teacher has established himself for lack of housing accommodation.

"But in general the amount of genuine humor and satire tends to diminish, while the element of pure agitation and propaganda in the magazines grows."

A German Close-Up of Mussolini

ALTHO INDULGING IN NO Napoleonic explosions, and using no Napoleonic gestures, the *Capo del governo* in Italy spectacularly dramatizes his august solitude, if we give credence to a close-up of Mussolini by Dr. Sven von Mueller, published in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*:

"Before the door of the Palazzo Venetia a double guard of Fascists is on the watch. A lackey in silvered trappings compels a visitor to show whatever credentials he has, and then turns him over to a functionary, whose scrutiny suggests a detective.

"Next the visitor ascends various steps until he fetches up in front of brazen bars. Here two more lackeys receive the visitor, and accompany him to a long and imposing apartment. Its walls are somewhat indiscriminately hung with reproductions of the old masters.

"In a few moments more still another lackey! He says His Excellency will receive. Through two more imposing, big apartments the course is traced.

"Then the lackey swings open a door to what is literally a marble hall.

"In a remote corner of the vast room is Mussolini. He is revealed toiling behind a mighty table desk. In front of it are two sofa chairs. Otherwise the great room is empty.

"During the forward march from door to desk—it may last half a minute—the grandeur of the occasion is imposing.

"A quite unknown Mussolini, he is not the sun-browned, energetic go-getting hero of the Fascist press. He is a somewhat middle-sized, plumpish, rather subdued gentleman of pale countenance, spare, graying hair. His aspect in a trim cutaway coat is that of a scholar on the platform of an educational institution. A high, vaulted forehead, most expressive dark eyes, full lips, expressively curling, and heavy jaws complete the impression of a man of the world, receiving a visitor graciously, yet with a certain reserve.

"Mussolini speaks German with ease. He shows in his talk that he is well informed. Seldom is he at a loss for a word. Then he may take refuge in a French phrase. His gestures are always Roman in their ease and freedom."

Seething Egypt

THE ancient struggle of all peoples and of all times is now going on in the land of the Pharaohs.

So declare supporters of Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafd, said to be the most powerful political organization in Egypt, which threatens to boycott the approaching election.

If the boycott is successful, the hope of the British Labor Government to conclude an Anglo-Egyptian treaty while in power will be dimmed, if not extinguished. For, writes the diplomatic correspondent of the *London Morning Post*, Premier Ramsay MacDonald has already declared that he can sign a treaty only if it is acceptable to a freely elected Egyptian Parliament.

At present, as the press note, Egypt is governed by its King and his chosen instrument, Sidky Pasha, who has devised a new Constitution and an electoral law to match. In the *London News-Chronicle*, J. A. Spender avers that both the Constitution and the Electoral Law are "designed to increase the power of the King and the executive, and correspondingly to diminish the power of Parliament and people."

A bitter Egyptian opponent of the so-called "Egyptian dictatorship" is Mamdouh Riaz, who remarks in the Paris *Revue des Vivants*:

"By his pretended reforms, Sidky Pasha has destroyed the essence of the Parliamentary régime. Also he has put the possibility of an accord with Great Britain farther and farther away. The policy of the present Cabinet has damaged the aspirations of Egypt in their main objectives.

"To meet this attack on the rights and hopes of the Egyptian nation, the Wafd has formed its ranks. It preaches resistance, the resistance of Nahas Pasha, who said: 'It is a matter of life or death.'"

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE / DRAMA / MUSIC / FINE-ARTS / EDUCATION / CULTURE

How Barrie Stands Revival

A BARRIE REVIVAL IS A FESTIVAL for old-timers. Doubtless they have their rights, the post-war theatergoers find "The Admirable Crichton," brought forth at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, a bit slow.

With twenty-eight years on its head, it seems to justify John Mason Brown's (New York *Evening Post*) observation that "plays, like most things, have a way of both getting old and betraying it. And, when they do so, they can age with alarming suddenness."

To those who cavil, however, Whitney Bolton (*Morning Telegraph*) adds this reminder: "The finer elements of irony, satire, and cool appraisal remain there after all these years. Which, ladies and gentlemen, is a great deal more than you are going to be able to say about our contemporary drama, twenty-eight years hence."

Revivals are generally in order as Spring advances, but such as we are served generally have their age sicklied o'er with the gloss of antiquity.

Present day audiences are likely to have not a few among them who saw the play at the Lyceum Theater, back in 1903, with William Gillette in the title rôle, and present performers have to stand the test of remembered delights as well as of the urge of to-day's accelerated pace.

SOME foreboding was voiced by Stephen Rathbun in *The Sun* on the evening before the premier:

"It was twenty-eight years ago last November that Charles Frohman produced Barrie's play 'The Admirable Crichton' in London at the Duke of York's Theater, with Sir Gerald Du Maurier in the title rôle.

"A year later Frohman brought the play to New York and exhibited it at the Lyceum Theater, with William Gillette as *Crichton*. In to-night's revival, with Walter Hampden as the leading player, it will be interesting to discover whether or not the play has retained its old charm.

"If the old charm has disappeared, it is possible that a new charm has taken its place. There are fashions in drama, and, of course, the Barrie fantasy is not in the prevailing style of smart, sophisticated English drama.

"But the play may be old enough to be a welcome voice from the past.

"A strong company of players has been assembled, and the settings have been designed by Jo Mielziner, one of to-day's popular scenic artists. It is easy to prophesy that there will be little radically wrong with the production. The only doubt that exists is concerning the play itself.

"Barrie is always Barrie, but the theater-going public has changed, even if he hasn't. However, the play's sentimental appeal to the older generation of playgoers, and the curiosity it will arouse among the younger playgoers, should make the revival last long enough to satisfy even its producers."

How it came through the ordeal is sympathetically, if critically, reported by Arthur Ruhl in the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"The comedy shows its years, somewhat.

"The war filled England with *Admirable Crichtons*, and the idea that there might be a tropical island where all the stock figures in the English social ritual might be turned upside down is a good deal less incredible, and rather less uproariously funny, than it seemed in 1903.

"The latter date was a good deal nearer the *fin-de-siècle* cleverness of the '90's than is 1931, and the *Hon. Ernest Woolley* and his epigrams haven't quite the fresh satirical value that they used to have when that young man might have been matched any evening in contemporary smart English comedies.

"There were moments last evening when the humor seemed just the least bit thin, when one wished that the players, instead of dragging it out as if each sentence and farcical bit of byplay were priceless, would speed things up a bit.

"There is sound and permanent humor in the basic situation, notwithstanding snobs persist, even here and there in Soviet Russia. And to transport a well-ordered upper-class English household to an uninhabited tropical island and compel it to emulate the Swiss Family Robinson, and show who and what will survive in such circumstances, is a rich idea even in this comparatively classless day.

"Great care has been taken with the cast, and there was a whole pack of amusingly played servant types, all first class, which got only mass-mention at the end of the program.

"Mr. Hampden was at his best on the island, when he was really king, and could play in the straight grand manner which comes most easily to him. As the butler back in England he was less at ease; severe, without quite letting the unconscious humor of the rôle shine through its pompousness.

"Miss Bainter, too, was at her best as the back-to-nature aristocrat, with her feelings uncovered at last—as was natural—and also less happy in disengaging the similarly unconscious humor of her part as the 'normal' *Lady Mary*.

"Both Mary Hone and Phillis Connard, partly, no doubt, because of their natural English accents, were rather more amusing as *Lady Mary's* sisters in the first scene.

"But such niceties are possibly of not great import in the revival of a more or less famous old play, where the main thing is that it shall be soundly presented, so as to give those who never saw it before some real measure of its worth, and old-timers a pleasant memory.

"Such a production Sir James's play undoubtedly received last evening.

"Effie Shannon as the *Countess Brocklehurst*, Estelle Winwood as *Tweeny*, Hubert Druce as the *Earl of Loam*, and Ernest Glendenning as the light-minded *Lord Hon. Ernest Woolley* were among the other players who assisted in a thoroughly pleasant evening.

"In the little epilog which Mr. Gillette delivered, the author whimsically suggested that there might be another ending, which, in deference to many playgoers' wishes, would permit *Lady Mary* to become *Mrs. Crichton*."

THIS, we take it, is the afterthought induced by the post-war spirit of democracy, that would have shocked London, possibly, before the great conflict.



White Studio photographs

"Crichton" and "Tweeny" in Love

Walter Hampden and Estelle Winwood in these Barrie parts.

What Nations Sing

LIKE IT OR NOT, and many seem to like it, if they can't sing it, the "Star Spangled Banner" is now our national anthem. President Hoover has signed the bill giving it that status, and help is in some quarters promised in modifying the high notes that only wind instruments seem entirely successful in negotiating.

Aspiring composers who have sought to produce an American air—our anthem being of English origin—will now have to turn their efforts elsewhere.

The Boston *Transcript* makes some comments on the hybrid

While our dissatisfactions are thus settled, England seems to be indulging in controversy over the words of "God Save the King," upon which *The Transcript* comments:

"Many people have objected strenuously to the stanza in this song which contains the words, referring to foreign nations:

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.

"Something more pacific than this is advised by many good people. But the general reaction to the criticism shows clearly enough that these are the most popular lines in the hymn.

"The song, 'God Save the King,' to be sure, goes back no further than the year 1748, and the words have been considerably modified since then. The fourth stanza of the authentic original song, which is as follows, has been dropt altogether:

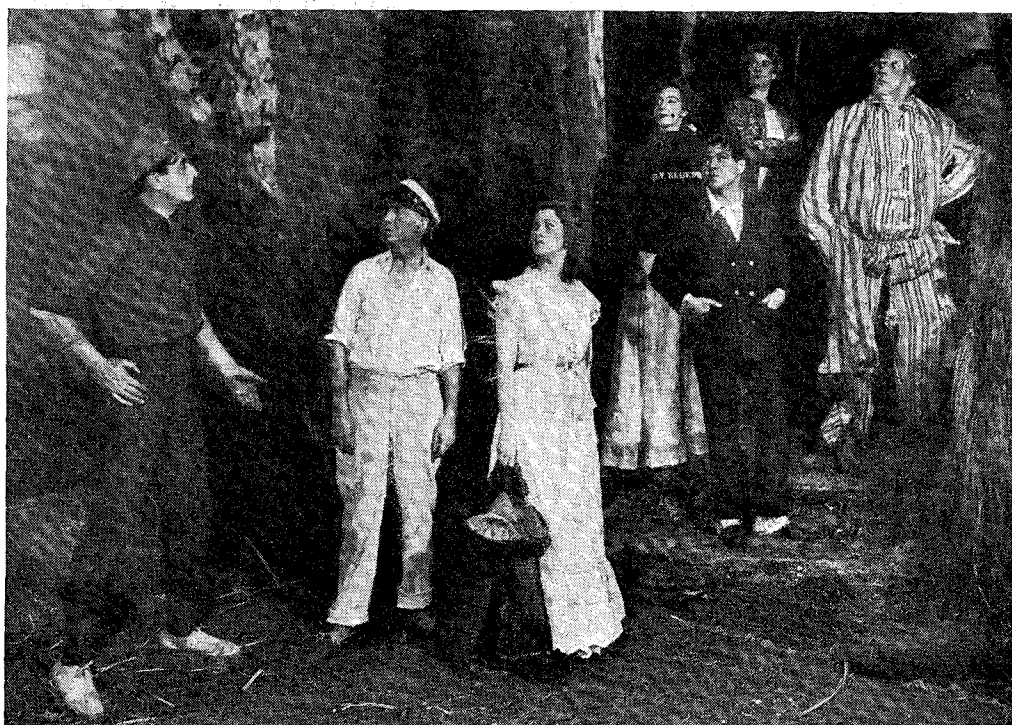
Lord, grant that Marshal Wade
May by Thy mighty aid
Victory bring!
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush
Rebellious Scots to crush!
God save the King!

"The 'rebellious Scots' are supposed to join now heartily in 'God Save the King.' The current discussion of the anthem in England takes no account of the origin of the tune.

"It is traceable in a somewhat varying version as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century, but the Germans, who have it exactly as the air of the Prussian national anthem, 'Gott segen Preussenland,' bring much plausible evidence to bear to support their claim that it is of German origin.

"For that matter, it is now sufficiently international. We employ it freely as the air of Rev. Samuel Smith's noble anthem, 'America.' And Grove's Dictionary, a leading authority in the history of music, says of it:

"The tune has been adopted by nineteen or twenty nations besides our own country."



"Crichton" Gives Orders to Indignant Toffs

A butler is the best man among the shipwrecked party.

nature of national hymns in general, especially those older than the "Marseillaise" and "Giovenetta":

"President Hoover has signed the bill making 'The Star Spangled Banner' officially the national anthem. The song had already been declared by the Army and Navy to be the nation's representative air, and the country had followed the military usage.

"This action definitely establishes the usage in all cases where a national song, air, or 'tune' is called for.

"All hope, therefore, of a 'new national anthem,' original with American musical talent, is over. 'America the Beautiful' and all other attempts toward the substitution of an American tune for this rollicking and sky-piercing English air go into the discard. To the qualification 'rollicking' we may no doubt with historical accuracy add the term 'spirit-stirring,' for the song was originally a drinking song of the London ale-houses, where it was known as 'When Bibo went down to the regions below.'

"It is a very good tune for the band, but is difficult to sing, owing to the extremely high note which comes with the last word of the passage 'the land of the free.'

"There is no reason for the rejection of the air on account of its bacchanalian origin. The principle asserted by Wesley, when he took over several airs of naughty origin as hymns—the principle, that is, that 'the devil should not be allowed to run away with all the good tunes'—holds good in this case.

"The establishment of the 'Star Spangled Banner' on an official basis coincides broadly with the general public preference.

"The people undoubtedly rejoice in the air, tho they do not sing it. The sound of it stirs their blood.

"No other tune seems to have this effect. In this respect it is like 'God Save the Queen' in England, the 'Marseillaise' in France, and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' in Germany."

Presidential Bookworms

FOUR Presidents are ranged as book collectors—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Hoover.

This alinement is made by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, who probably can't be beaten for book-mindedness.

He spoke at a dinner of the Pennsylvania Library Club and the New Jersey Library Association, and *The Herald Tribune* reports him. Paying his compliments first to Mr. Hoover:

"He has an unusual faculty of delving in out-of-the-way places, in searching for material not really accessible. He resembles Jefferson in that on all his journeys he gathered volumes that in time would be valuable to students.

"Thus, when Mr. Hoover was in China in 1899 he gathered 'a most comprehensive collection of books in many languages on China and the Chinese people,' which he gave to Stanford University to form the nucleus of the great Chinese library there. Further, the Philadelphian said, the Hoover War Library at Stanford 'is a monument to his diligence as a collector.' Washington was a true collector, owning the best editions of his favorite authors, and John Adams had one of the largest libraries in the colonies, but it contained a 'duller list of books,' and 'the light side of literature' was wanting.

"Jefferson, he said, was a book collector in every sense of the word, with an inquisitive mind, something like Benjamin Franklin's, and 'liked to secure first-hand information from original sources,' Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams collected mostly Americana."

Tidying Up Mr. Priestley

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY HAS SUFFERED so many knock-down blows since coming here that it's only fair for some one to stand up for him.

Charlie Towne does this.

To people not New Yorkers he is Charles Hanson Towne, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, poet and essayist, a comfortable looking middle-aged bachelor who writes charmingly about New York in verse and prose.

As an avocation he writes a column in the *New York American*, and it is here that he says the good word for the English novelist whose indiscretion about Sinclair Lewis's "uncut books" was reported in our issue of March 7.

It will be recalled that Mr. Priestley's strictures reflected on the reading habits of Americans. He said, "American people buy books when they are in fashion, but they do not read them so much."

Further, he asserted that he had stayed away from America hitherto, because he "did not like the effect of wealth upon the American character."

He vented a grievance at being called "the modern Dickens," tho Americans are not the only ones who gave him this title.

He didn't like the idea of being classed as another English lecturer, come here to collect American dollars, and disclaimed the fact that America contributed in any startling degree to his income, for his books sell better in England.

MISS FANNIE HURST and Dr. Joseph Collins wrote letters to the papers condemning his attitude as a visitor, and the kind of interview he gave out.

So Mr. Towne comes to the rescue.

Mr. Priestley, he says, doesn't give out the conventional interview, praising our sky-scrappers, calling our women beautiful and our men devotees of the stock-ticker. Whereupon we raise a hullabaloo.

"After all, why shouldn't the amiable Mr. Priestley be allowed to say exactly what he feels and believes? Must all visitors fawn upon us? Can't we listen to one word of criticism?"

Mr. Towne's "heart went out to Mr. Priestley":

"I was sure he had been misquoted, and, after meeting him, I am positive of that simple fact.

"He is exceedingly witty, and in one of his lighter moments, prodded by the reporters, he undoubtedly was led on to say many things, forgetting that the timbre of his voice would not get into the interview, not the radiance of his engaging smile.

"He and I happened to be at the same house party on Long Island soon after his unhappy experience, and he seemed much perturbed until I told him of my own trifling adventure, of how George Moore had once said to me that the main reason he never came to America was because he feared the barrage of interviewers even more than he feared our noise and confusion.

"Taking a walk with Priestley was like stepping into the pages of one of his delightful books. It was a sunny morning, with a touch of spring in the air, and my engaging companion—I might call him, in truth, a good companion—looking out over the countryside, said, in that droll way of his, 'Ah! If we don't watch out, soon we shall see the vicar coming to ask us to help pass the buns at Lady Faulkner's garden party this afternoon.'

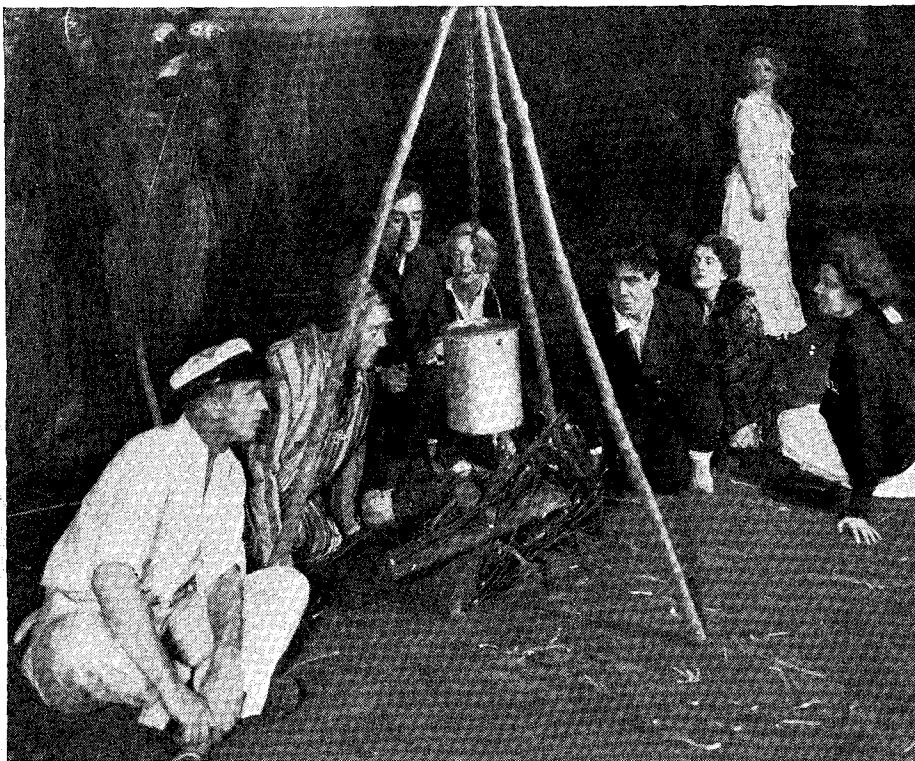
"When he was asked the inevitable question, 'What do you think of Prohibition?' he immediately replied, 'Oh, it gives you Americans something to talk about, just as our beastly weather gives us English something to talk about.'

"A clever reporter would have headed such an interview: 'British Novelist Condemns Eighteenth Amendment.'

"An English actor once told me that the British visitor usually went through two phases. At first he loathed and despised America, since it never measured up to his preconception of it. On his second visit he was pretty sure to like us very much, indeed, and never wish to leave our shores.

"Lecturing is not the easy task one supposes it to be. If one could merely talk to an intelligent audience, it would not be so bad; but there is the inevitable reception afterward, or the long, tedious luncheon or dinner, and the endless hand-shaking.

"And so the English go away the first time wondering how we can stand life at such a pace. They learn better when they come



Indignation Forgotten

And they creep back to the boiling pot over which "Crichton" presides.

again. The truth being that we don't stand any such pace. For, in the first place, few of us lecture, or go to lectures. We leave that to foreigners."

The Cover

LYNN BOGUE HUNT, the artist who painted the cover for our present issue, is perhaps the most widely known American painter of game birds and fish, purely for the sportsman.

The intensely dramatic and forceful appeal of this artist's treatment of wild life is well exemplified, and can not fail to compel a sympathetic response in those who are even but casually interested in natural history.

Mr. Hunt was early interested in nature, and as a child used to cut paper silhouettes of birds.

At the age of thirteen, he removed from Honeoye Falls, New York, where he was born, to Albion, Michigan, and attended school. Here he indulged his bent for collecting, sketching, and mounting specimens.

On leaving college he joined the art staff of the *Detroit Free Press*. Later he removed to New York and engaged in commercial art.

Among his more notable achievements are mural paintings in several Eastern hotels and country clubs. Chief among these, certainly in point of size, are the decorations for the Chesapeake Room of the Hotel Emerson, in Baltimore, where on 450 square feet of wall space are depicted the hunting and fishing resources of the famous Chesapeake Bay.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

After the Cocktails

MOTHER COMES HOME FROM THE SPEAK-EASY a little addled, but not actually drunk.

In fact, she and her friends have behaved with splendid dignity.

They have enjoyed a little empty badinage over the cocktails, which she doesn't quite recall; but none of them has slept under the table or folded herself over a chair.

True, mother doesn't look very inspiring to her daughter, but then, of course, daughter doesn't quite understand. At least, mother thinks she doesn't.

For you see, mother is only a moderate drinker. She knows when to turn down her glass, and every now and then she freshens up by an impromptu ride on the water wagon.

Then to a speak-easy, or some gay little house-party again—to do some more “moderate” drinking.

But now comes the story of one who has classed herself as a moderate drinker, who gives the devil his due, but finds that this “moderate” drinking is only self-deception.

After one of her modest sprees, she is unable properly to choose a hat, and still less able to decide on a course of conduct.

The slight hang-over interferes with her work.

She is relieved when the clock strikes five, and she can go out to get a cocktail to freshen up her flagging mind and body, and perhaps prepare herself for a little more moderate drinking later on.

Actually, however, this particular excursionist into that hazy field, who writes anonymously in *Harper's Magazine*, asserts that there are almost no “moderate drinkers,” in short, that moderate drinking is “the bunk.”

This anonymous writer, the editors of *Harper's* inform us, is nationally known in her profession. Her very frank discussion of moderate drinking, so-called, may be an eye-opener to those who advocate it as the happy medium between drinking from the spigot and occasional tipping.

THE so-called moderate drinker, she says, is not consistently moderate. “At any moment he may drink to drunkenness.”

“Drinking,” she maintains, “has to do with feeling different. If you do not drink for a kick, a punch, a sensation, you do not really drink.” She drinks for “change, liberation, let-down, and forgetfulness—as well as for talk and companionship.”

She recites some experiences in a speak-easy. Thanks to the cocktails, some dull young men and she laughed extensively, and had a “pleasant” evening. But they wouldn't have been such good company for each other the next day. Good fellowship was only in the glass.

Then a party, which resulted in the “jitters” for her hostess and an awful hang-over for her hostess's husband. She herself was as limp as seaweed, and her well-groomed appearance was a camouflage, her competent air a lie. Anything involving decision or judgment was impossible.

What is the damage from moderate drinking? She tells us:

“Force of character, that peculiar quality which constitutes authority, goes first, choice next. Put me in a store and ask me

to choose a hat after one of my modest sprees, and I am helpless. Still less can I decide on a course of conduct. All letters involving choice or decision must wait, as must any prolonged act of thought, concentration, or invention. What remains is a sham. On the other hand, I can talk. I am never more persuasive. I can sell an idea.

“I have had days after drinking when I seem to have broken some dam of the spirit, and where no ideas were, they now flow through. For let us give the devil his due—there are times when drink stirs me up, rouses my spirit from its fog, opens the door on thought, throws a window up on a far horizon.

“It happens, but it happens seldom. What has happened, however, over and over again is that an evening's moderate drinking has slowed my tempo, made me uncertain, lost me my impetus, and made it necessary to begin again, cranking myself up to that painful point of effort which a new piece of work requires.”

EVEN when she has been drinking more moderately still, she is lame and halt next day. At the end of the day she is grateful for the cocktail she must have if she is going out in the evening. Her contention is that “there is nothing about which people are more deceived than how they act when they drink; and that there is nothing about which people lie more fluently than the after-effects of drinking.”

Even in England, she says, people lie about the harm drinking does them, else why the numberless pick-me-ups for sale at bars and chemists?

Before this era, notes this evidently experienced drinker, the great drinking bouts were for men only. Now the women join in the wassail—three-bottle ladies vying with the men. She knows women who complain that they drink to relieve what they euphemistically term their “sex inhibitions.”

She has witnessed women who had certainly drunk too much and others who plainly forgot their better selves, and she has heard tales of drinking revelries here and in London where every one changed partners in a disconcertingly public way.

Now, says this contemplative former wassailer, if you grant her first premise that there is mighty little moderate drinking, and her second, that “women get tight in all degrees from charming abandon to sloppy conduct, you have to come to some conclusion about what happens to children's minds when they see their elders a little tight.”

TODAY, of course, children see and hear everything going on—wake up at night to find out what all the row is about—not an altogether pleasant thing to contemplate.

What generally happens, we are told, is that children in their early teens register their protests in a variety of ways:

“A friend of mine told me indignantly, ‘When Gladys said, in the tone of voice of the Elsie books, “Mother, I wish you wouldn't drink cocktails,” I said, “Gladys, I will trouble you to mind your own business and not to criticize what you do not understand.”’

“She was right; for if a lit parent is an unprofitable sight, a sanctimonious infant is still less profitable. But, of course, what happens is that the children soon stop being embarrassingly censorious. Soon they, too, grasp a glass in their hands with determination. There is one thing certain in all this: there is

Dedication

By Ethel Arnold Tilden

WE dedicate a church today.
Lord Christ, I pray
Within the sound of its great bell
There is no mother who must hold
Her baby close against the cold—
So only have we served Thee well;
The wind blows sharp, the snow lies deep.
If we shall keep
Thy hungry ones, and sore distressed,
From pain and hardship, then may we
Know we have builded unto Thee,
And that each spire and arch is blest.

Lord Christ, grant we may consecrate
To Thee this church we dedicate.

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

not a child who can bear the thought of his mother being even the most infinitesimal shade altered by drink, the slightest iota lit. And that is what happens to the vast majority of women if they drink at all."

WHAT to do, this one, who is out of her cups now, confesses she doesn't know. She is glad that she doesn't now have to answer the question—that she is released, for some time at least, from the nagging problem of when to drink and how much.

"And how fraying this problem is," she says—"this drinking a little too much, hurting one's work, stopping drinking, being in good company and going on drinking."

She recites:

"I know men and women, all moderate drinkers, who fret themselves away with the checks and balances of their drinking. I am glad that for a long time drink is crossed off my list of problems. I have enjoyed drinking. I enjoy the unexpected friends one makes. I enjoy the release from fatigue, the sudden lifting of responsibility, the rest that a change of rhythm brings.

"But the price, for me anyway, is too high. This I know: My soberest years have been my happiest. Have I been happy because I was sober? Or sober because I was happy? I can not tell you. It is among the psychological questions not yet answered."

Police-Made Martyrs

"WE WANT REAL RELIEF, none of your lousy flophouses!"

She shouted her defiance to all and sundry within range of her voice from a vantage-point near that symbol of liberty, the Shaw Monument on Boston Common.

Her performance was not particularly dangerous, comments *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty*.

"It may have been vulgar, and it was certainly futile, and the whole procedure, in spite of one's sympathies with the distressed and unemployed, was a bit ridiculous."

But what happened next, in the opinion of this free-spoken weekly, was more ridiculous still. The editor saw a burly policeman drag the half-compliant, half-resistant young woman into a patrol-wagon, and then, he writes:

"The youthful, vulgar, and somewhat ridiculous girl had suddenly become a dangerous character—dangerous out of all proportion to any rebellious disposition in herself or to any potential menace in the little group of which she was a part.

"She had become in a moment invested with the added importance of being considered significant and ominous. She had taken on some of the quality and force of the martyr; and, incidentally, she had given a certain exaggerated emphasis to the cause for which she was courting arrest.

"A young girl like that between two policemen dragging her along by force is a much more dangerous character than a young girl harmlessly, and with police protection, if necessary, shouting out rather vulgarly her opinion of flophouses."

THE Boston editor contrasted this exhibition with what he had heard and seen in Hyde Park, London. There, with the unostentatious protection of the police, he heard both young men and women give expression to much more revolutionary sentiments, and he observes:

"Surely the forbearance, common sense, good humor, and faith in ideals of good government and free speech that have kept the British monarchy stable ought to be equally sound and adequate in maintaining the stability of a, supposedly, freer and more ideal democracy.

"Less show of police power and authority—except in the badly neglected field of actual enforcement of laws and the protection of society against crime—and more display of that faith that democracy is safest under conditions where opinion is freely expressed and freely formed, would make for stability of democratic institutions of government, and the promotion of social welfare.

"Czarism in political or police activity has always produced reactions of revolutionary tyranny or crime."

"The Scandal of Protestantism"

"ALL DIVIDED WE," might run the hymn of Protestantism if it stuck to the facts.

For, not counting Buddhists, Mohammedans, and other Oriental religions, there are 212 denominations in the United States, nearly all of them Protestant.

These figures are from the Federal census of religious bodies compiled in 1926.

It is a significant fact, however, notes a writer in *The Reformed Church Messenger*, that more than half of these bodies have a membership of less than 7,000. In other words, there are not far from 100 Protestant denominations with a considerable membership. A few of the larger rank as follows:

"The Methodist Episcopal Church comes first with 3,700,000 members; the Southern Baptist Church ranks second with 3,300,000; the Negro Baptists number 2,900,000; the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 2,190,000; the Presbyterian Church in U. S. A., 1,800,000; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 1,300,000; the Disciples of Christ, 1,275,000; the Northern Baptist Convention, 1,230,000; and the Congregational Churches, a few thousand less than 1,000,000; a total of 18,695,000 in these nine major denominational bodies."

Now that the union of the Congregational and Christian groups is virtually consummated, notes *The Messenger*, the united denomination contains considerably more than 1,000,000 members.

Other denominations have a membership of half a million or more, and there are many with a membership of more than 100,000. Nearly all the smaller bodies are offshoots of the larger denominations, or differ very little from one or another of them; and some of the larger bodies are separated by almost infinitesimal differences. For instance:

"There are said to be thirteen Baptist, seventeen Methodist Episcopal, and twelve Presbyterian denominations, and the different bodies existing under these several names are so nearly alike that it would take a microscope to detect the very slight differences in them.

"There are three Reformed Churches that are similar in name, in doctrine, and in polity; why do they not become one? Why should the seventeen Methodist Churches continue to live apart? Why do the thirteen Baptist Churches still antagonize one another? Why do the twelve Presbyterian Churches hold aloof the one from the other? It would be difficult to give an intelligent answer to such inquiries."

Now, asks the writer:

"What would be the result if all Methodists constituted one great army? Would not the strongholds of Satan be shaken? What might we not expect if the thirteen Baptist denominations should unite? The Psalmist tells of 'rivers of waters running down his eyes'; if all Baptists united, it would require 'rivers of waters' to provide for the baptisms that would ensue! And what might we see if all Presbyterians should join hearts and hands for the furtherance of the kingdom of God? Could these unions be effected, the united Church of the living God would break out in song—

'Like a mighty army moves the Church of God!'

"What augmentation of power would result! What elimination of waste would ensue! What courage would be aroused on the part of Christian peoples! What hope would sing in the hearts of those who love the Lord! And if all Christians could only unite and pool their powers, then might we sing—

'We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity!'

and the Church of the living God would, 'like a conquering army,' go forward from victory to victory.

"It is the scandal of Protestantism that this potentially mighty army is expending a large proportion of its power upon matters of relatively little moment—upon things of almost no significance!"

A Revolt Against the Highbrows

THE MOUTHTINGS OF THE Highbrows have rather sickened some of the younger clergy, who have college degrees in their trunks, too.

And they think it is high time to call the bluff of the self-styled custodians of the wisdom of God.

These younger clergymen, we are told, have soured on the whole intelligentsia business, not for the fabled fox's reason, but because the grapes have proved to be really not worth eating.

And E. G. Homrighausen, who is speaking for the young rebels, tells us in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) that he thinks this revolt a very hopeful sign.

Now, these younger men, writes Mr. Homrighausen, who is minister of the Carrollton Avenue Reformed Church, in Indianapolis, count themselves intellectuals, too.

They have fought their way through "debts and nervous tensions, that bordered on insanity, to gain an entrance to this esoteric cult." But now, having arrived at the inner court of the intellectuals, they find the room empty.

So, he writes, "we throw down the gauntlet to this whole modern caste," and, continuing to vent his indignation, he says:

"It is about time that the younger worms are turning.

"It is time we challenged them to produce something positive, or get off the field; that they recognize their sterility, and surrender their self-aggrandized leadership.

"We have a right to ask them whether their method has produced any faith, whether their technique really arrives at the real."

Some things, he observes, can not be put into a test-tube or be expressed in a mathematical formula—causes which no instruments can measure. He recites:

"I was severely taken to task one time for saying that the Christian religion was not primarily intellectual, that Jesus never revealed interest in knowledge as such.

"I still maintain it.

"Jesus had common sense and wonderful wisdom, but no intellectualism. If we know any one thing, it is that the Christian religion is not primarily an intellectual appeal.

"Look at the Christian religion in the first few centuries! It grew up and flourished right under the eaves of fine systems of philosophy, temples of the mysteries, and the codes of strong moralists. Prof. D. S. Cairns wrote, 'The age that followed the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ witnessed the most wonderful outburst of moral and religious energy that human history has ever seen.' And Kirby Page answers, 'If it had not happened, it would be regarded as utterly impossible.' And it was not intellectualism.

"Their faith gave them brains. First faith, then knowledge. If you wait for all the facts, you will never arrive."

No, this rebellious spirit continues, the Christian religion does not depend primarily upon a college degree for its power. Rather—

"Babes and sucklings, publicans and sinners, gain entrance into the kingdom before the wise and the prudent, the scribes and the pharisees.

"The child temper still stands in the midst of the kingdom.

"Christianity is not primarily an intellectual, but a moral and an emotional, challenge.

"How often have young people come to me to tell of their doubt in miracles, and other similar unintelligent phases of Christianity, saying that these were obstacles to their faith. My reply is that faith has nothing to do with miracles at first. Usually these youth, like the rich young ruler or the woman at the well, have a moral snag, and they throw up the intellectual smoke-screen to protect a questionable moral practise, or a sheer unwillingness to take up the cross."

Paul, says Mr. Homrighausen, found out that the intellect will never lead to a profound and vital faith:

"He acknowledged that intellectual achievements, as well as moral, were not only valueless, but a positive detriment in that they blinded him the more.

"They produced a thicker shell of pride through which the Spirit had to penetrate.

"We need to stand up with conviction before the Athens of to-day, and say we believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, in spite of the sneers of the intelligentsia who may walk out on us.

"The trouble with most of us who have no experimental grip on the living Christ is that there is too much of the proud intelligentsia in us. We want to be so consistent, so cautious, so reserved.

"But were Luther, Wesley, Augustine, or Paul consistent? We must become far more desperate about God than about logic.

"A moratorium on words, a crusade of God-surrendered lives, a fresh expression of silent, sacrificial living! Let the intellectuals lead! But—do John Baptists come out of Jerusalem; do they thrive in the soil of scribal pharisaism?"

Jesus and the Jew

"GIVE IT TO HIM, FELLOWS! He's one of the dirty Jews who killed Jesus!"

And the crowd of young "Christians" set upon the terror-stricken Jewish boy with blows and kicks—all in the name of Jesus.

But the prostrate boy refused to kiss the small iron cross they thrust before his lips.

That is how Jacob Silverman, a Jewish student, first heard of the Jew, Jesus.

As he tells us in *The Missionary Review of the World*, he could not understand the attack—he didn't know even who Jesus was.

He asked his Hebrew teacher to explain. On hearing the name, the teacher arose, shaking, and commanded the boy never to mention the name of Jesus in his presence again.

The teacher's wife and children had been stabbed to death before his eyes by a band of drunken "Christians" in Russia.

The boy Jacob then went to his father.

"Silence, my son!" exclaimed the father. "I never want that name to issue from your mouth again." This was his story:

"One day a band of Christians descended upon the village [in Russia] and began plundering and killing. Reb Samuel, who was then in the midst of his prayer, came running out of the synagogue with his Siddur in his hand and his Tallith around his shoulders. He ran to one of the soldiers, demanding an explanation.

"The soldier turned around, perceived the old man, drew his knife, and with a shout 'for Jesus!' plunged it into the heart of the beloved rabbi."

Under the circumstances, writes Mr. Silverman, the name of Jesus could not have been very pleasing to his ears.

"But, mark you," he says, "it was only the name. I had no knowledge of the Man Himself, nor, I am led to believe, had my father. I was simply taught to loathe a sound, a name—Jesus, just as my father loathed the name for its connection with that scene of horror."

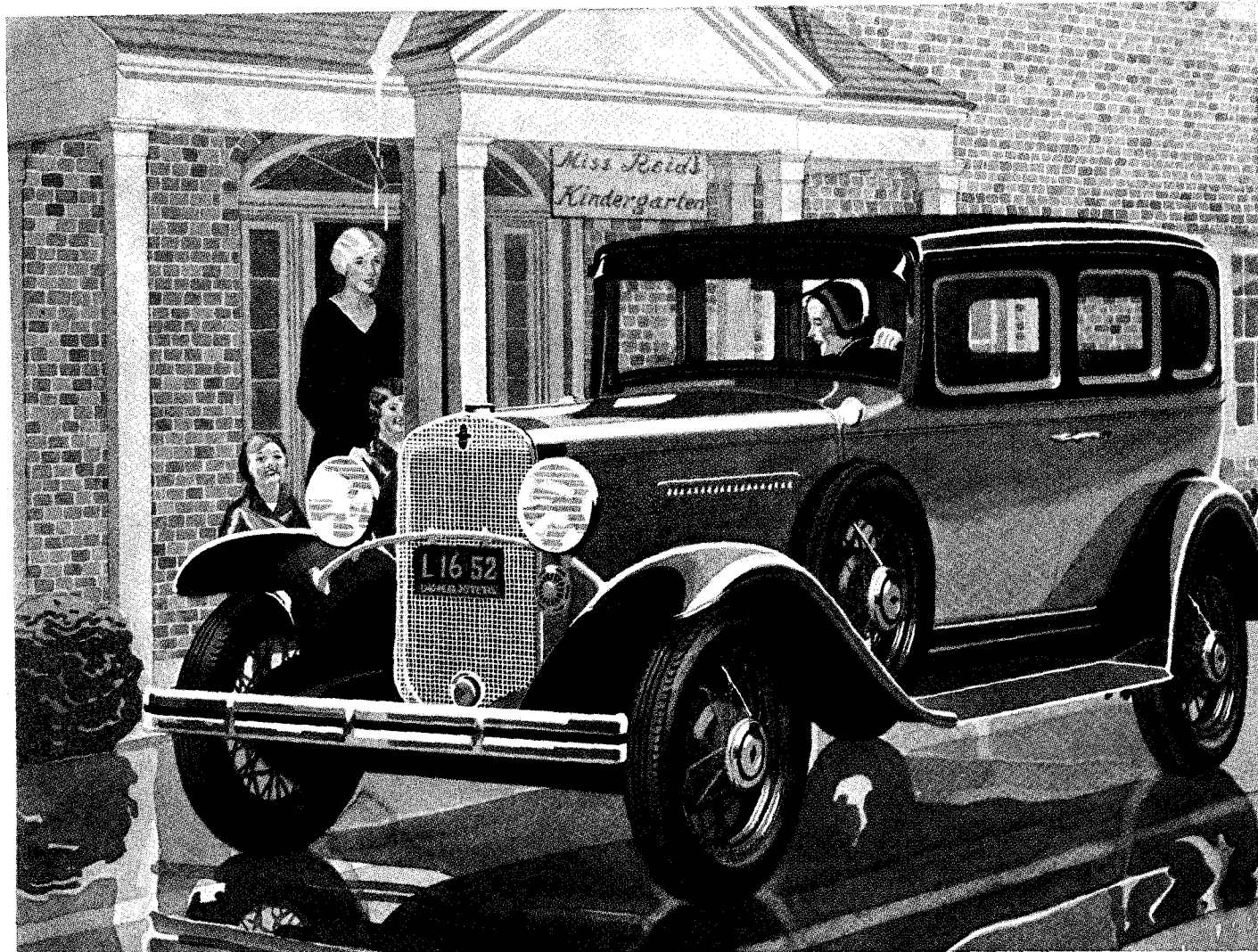
He goes on:

"As a result of these various persecutions which have been related from generation to generation in the homes of the Jews, the name *Jesus* and everything connected with the name, including the Man in all His dynamic and admirable personality, have become a repulsive force to the Jewish people.

"It is not that the Jewish people loathe the Man for what He did while He lived—for that would require a knowledge of the Man's life, and, I am sure, a large number of my people know very little about His life. But it is the result of His having lived, the force which He had unknowingly aroused, the wave of destruction which has come down through the ages casting horror upon a people—it is that which has made that people dread what they believed to be the key to their sufferings.

"Even to-day we read of pogroms and uprisings against Jews in various parts of the world—Jews who wish to live peacefully, but can not; Jews whose very souls try to protest, but dare not.

"Is it any wonder that Jesus does not hold an esteemed position in the Jewish religion, a position which rightfully is His?"



The new Chevrolet Special Sedan

There and back swiftly, surely, easily



On long cross-country travel or short quick trips about town, the new Chevrolet is a pleasant car to drive. No matter the road, distance, or weather, this modern Six takes you there and brings you back—in good time and with little effort. You can rely on it. Chevrolet's 50-horsepower six-cylinder engine enables you to accelerate quickly and quietly—to maintain high speeds smoothly—to travel all day without getting tired. The longer chassis and roomier Fisher

bodies provide many features that add to the easy efficiency of coming and going—a new steering gear, an easier-shifting transmission, an improved clutch, broader, deeper windows, and sturdier, more stable Fisher body construction of hardwood-and-steel. Modern performance such as Chevrolet provides is unusual for a car so low in price. It is all the more impressive when you consider Chevrolet's economy of operation and upkeep. No car costs less to own than the bigger and better Chevrolet Six.

New Low Prices—Roadster, \$475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), \$495; Phaeton, \$510; Standard Coupe, \$535; Coach, \$545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, \$545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), \$575; Five-Passenger Coupe, \$595; Convertible Cabriolet, \$615; Standard Sedan, \$635; Special Sedan, \$650; Convertible Landau Phaeton, \$650. Special Equipment Extra. Chevrolet Trucks, \$355 to \$695. Low delivered prices and easy terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX
The Great American Value

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Finding Oil With Plane and Camera

PROSPECTING FOR OIL is now done on a large scale by aerial photography.

Photographs of a region, taken from a cruising airplane, reveal to the practised eye the most likely locality, and boring then reveals the oil.



Copyright, Fairchild Aerial Surveys

An Air-Map Ace

Lieutenant Smith has probably made more maps from the air than any one else in the business to-day.

from a height of about four miles. I've covered as much as 2,000 square miles in a day, flying at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

"Now we come down and develop our pictures. We cut the developed prints and put them together, making a mosaic. We look at the prints through a stereoscope.

"You remember the stereoscope that nearly every home used to have for the benefit of the children? That's exactly the way the geologist's stereoscope works. He sees the contours of the whole landscape, here the rocks jutting up, there the tall trees, there a deep ravine or a shallow one.

"Especially is the geologist interested in river beds, extinct river beds even more than present ones, and in hill crests.

"We pick out a certain sector that seems most likely and map that on a larger scale. Then we go over the larger maps and the geologist goes in with ground guides to look for suitable outcroppings.

"By skilful calculation he estimates where the crown or lowest point is. If there is a pool of oil to be found, it will be in the vicinity of the crown. The spot determined, down goes the boring and up comes the oil—maybe. Sometimes she gushes only salt water."

"How frequently do you have to snap your pictures?"

"That's something you can't calculate until you are up. It depends upon both the height and the wind velocity. Generally we use a view-finder to determine how much we are drifting.

"Flying at a fair rate of speed I should say that you would have to expose your film about every thirty seconds or so. But the wind has a lot to do with it."

In *The Scientific American* (New York) Milton Wright reports an interview with Lieut. Robert Alfred Smith, of the Fairchild Aerial Surveys, who has probably, Mr. Wright asserts, made more maps from the air than any other living man, altho he thinks that perhaps "one or two fellows in the Army" may exceed him.

The interview, as reproduced by Mr. Wright, runs substantially as follows:

"Here's the way it works.

"An oil company has a vast area in which it hopes to strike oil at some point. I go up in a plane, sitting in the back with an aerial camera.

"The first thing to do is map the ground on a small scale. This we do

"Do oil companies use planes to any great extent?" we asked.

"Sure. They use planes not only to locate the place to drill and to take in supplies while construction work is going on, but after the wells are in operation they transport the pay-rolls by air.

"The pay-roll boys often have some hard flying to do. To get to Mexico City, for illustration, you have to fly over an 11,000-foot mountain range. The pay-roll is usually delivered by dropping the sack containing it in a marked circle on the ground; thus the pilot does not have to land."

THERE is an element of danger, too, in carrying pay-rolls of oil companies in Mexico. One day, relates Lieutenant Smith, one of the pilots flying to a camp with the pay-roll saw a group of armed men standing about. He was going to land, when one of the men took a shot at him. He swooped up again and streaked back to Tampico. A group of bandits had driven off the soldiers and were waiting for the pay-roll. Such things, of course, don't occur every day.

"What bothers us more than anything else in oil-development work are clouds and winds.

"In surveys we have two kinds of difficulty resulting from cumulus clouds. The clouds pass between your ship and the ground when you are making large-scale maps, and, of course, you can't see through the clouds.

"On the other hand, when you are making oblique pictures the clouds cast shadows on the ground that show up in your pictures and are likely to obscure the very rock formation you are most anxious to study.

"Clouds and wind, however, in spite of the trouble they sometimes cause us, are very helpful indeed. They tell us just what conditions to expect in the air.

"We know that a wind from the northwest will bring a fine day, generally with the cumulus clouds that mean ideal survey weather—after they have cleared.

"A wind from the north will bring a fine day, generally without clouds.

"A wind from the southwest will bring thunder-storms with cumulus clouds, especially in the summer-time. Winds from the east usually bring rain in most parts of the United States."

"And where do you get your biggest thrill in all this survey work?"

"The biggest thrill lies in getting a job well done."



Copyright Fairchild Aerial Surveys

Air View of Typical Oil Country

The outcroppings seen here encourage the geologist to investigate further; in fact, a boring is being made in the lower right-hand corner.

Diamonds

DOES YOUR FAMILY OWN BETWEEN \$150 and \$200 worth of diamonds?

If so, it holds its average share of United States wealth in these precious stones.

The most recent estimate places the value of diamonds owned in the United States at a figure exceeding four billion dollars.

The Geographic News Bulletin (Washington), a publication of the National Geographic Society, tells of recent changes in diamond movements, and of even more marked changes in methods of mining and handling the gems. It says:

"Diamond imports fell off in 1930 along with most other imports, but even with a reduction of approximately one-third from the peak importations of the preceding year, more than half a million carats of diamonds, valued at over \$30,000,000, entered the country."

ONE reason why diamond importations held up better than the importations of some other commodities, even in a year of depression, we are told, is that not all diamonds are destined to shine forth from jewelry that adorns men and women:

"More than half the world's production of the stones, in quantity, is used in industry, many in ways surprising to the layman. Some form bearings for watches, chronometers, electric meters, and other accurate instruments and laboratory apparatus. Some, in which tapered holes are drilled, are used for drawing fine wire of platinum, silver, gold, and rare metals. Much of the wire used for filaments for electric and radio bulbs and other delicate apparatus is drawn through diamonds.

"Other industrial uses for diamonds are as drills for glass, porcelain, and similar hard substances; turning-tools for lathe work; engraving points; and as cutting edges for rock drilling and sawing. For industrial purposes only the less nearly perfect and less valuable stones are used. More than half of the diamonds mined find their way into industrial use; but the value of these 'working diamonds' is, of course, very much less than the value of the 'patrician diamonds,' used in jewelry.

"Africa looms large in the diamond industry. Eighty-five per cent. of all diamonds produced come from that continent—about half of them from South Africa. The United States is the world's greatest diamond-consuming country. Normally it absorbs nearly the equivalent of the entire South African output.

"If all the diamonds produced in the world in 1929 could have been combined into a single cube, it would have been five and a half feet across each face—a crystal block as tall as the average man, and weighing more than a ton and a half. If the rough stones could have been brought together and dumped into bushel baskets, they would have filled two dozens of them, heaped up.

"In recent years a wealth of the gems has been literally scooped up from the earth in the regions of alluvial diamond deposits. Until this change in mining methods came about, the greater part of the diamonds had been mined for decades by laborious digging to great depths in the 'pipes' of extinct volcanoes. Then came the slow work of separating the stones from earth and rock.

"From one of the old 'pipe' diamond-mines near Pretoria, South Africa, opened in 1890, more than 130 million loads of blue clay have been dug, making a hole more than a thousand feet deep—a veritable man-made chasm that could swallow up some of the world's largest and tallest buildings. From this vast amount of material from a single mine, thirty million carats of diamonds have been extracted, valued at more than 162 million dollars."

THE outstanding diamond fields of the other, or alluvial, kind were discovered only a year or so ago in Namaqualand, in the northwestern corner of Cape Province, South Africa. The diamonds occur in the loose sands of the seashore, and a considerable area is being mined by the Government of South Africa. The mining consists in scooping up the sand in steam and electric shovels, loading it on flat cars, and transporting it to a plant where the gems are sifted out. In the first year more than \$2,000,000 worth of diamonds was recovered. To quote further:

"The average weight of the seashore diamonds is unusually high. The largest so far discovered weighed eighty-five carats. A peculiarity about the Namaqualand diamond deposits is their

occurrence along with the shells of a certain prehistoric oyster. This oyster shell has been a convenient marker for prospectors: when a sand deposit contains the shells, diamonds are sure to be there also.

"Two theories as to the origin of the Namaqualand diamonds are that they were washed down into the sea from interior mountains and covered with sand; and that they were thrown up from the bed of the sea by a volcanic upheaval ages ago."

Wasteful Steamboat Whistles

MARK TWAIN was not so far off when he told of the river steamboat which had to stop to get up enough steam to blow the whistle.

According to a report of Louis Thompson of the U. S. Naval Proving Grounds, Dahlgren, Virginia, a large steam-whistle consumes an unreasonably large amount of power. A twelve-



One Year's Crop of Diamonds

"If all the diamonds produced in the world in 1929 could have been brought together and dumped into bushel baskets, they would have filled two dozens of them, heaped up."

inch whistle may consume as much as 400 horse-power. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"In precise scientific tests, steam-whistles made a pitiful efficiency score.

"Using several hundred horse-power, the ten- and twelve-inch whistles wasted over 99 per cent. of the energy supplied. The balance was, of course, transformed into actual sound energy.

"These investigations are being carried on by government authorities in quest principally of more effective fog signals.

"In one test, a ten-inch whistle, using 200 horse-power, was heard only three miles away in the face of unfavorable wind, while at another time a two-inch whistle, using but two horse-power, was heard five miles distant. Hot and cold layers of air are found to refract the sound and ruin signal values.

"The siren excels the whistle by a wide margin.

"The designers of such sound-producers are studying the differences between the wave forms of the natural sounds of a turbulent sea, and those which they wish to be heard. It is found further that the plan of varying the sound in an irregular manner introduces the element of surprise and increases audibility.

"This is in contrast to the old idea of a continuous low sound of a fog-horn or -whistle. Signals of 180 to 300 vibrations per second are best heard. These correspond to the middle range of the piano keyboard.

"It is all very well to create an ideal scientific siren signal, superior to the steam-whistle for fog service. It is another matter, on the other hand, whether the master of a majestic liner would think a siren call to be a dignified substitute for the deep, soul-satisfying toot of a giant steam-whistle."

Infected Golf-Clubs

FUNGUS INFECTION, OR "RINGWORM" of the hands and feet, now a common skin disease and, in some cases, difficult to cure, has been traced by the Chicago health department, in certain instances, to infected golf-clubs.

In an effort to find what factors are contributing to its wide-spread prevalence, the department has just completed a series of laboratory experiments, which are of great interest from a public-health standpoint.

We quote the following from *Chicago's Health*, published by the School of Sanitary Instruction of that city:

"The number of cases of infection of the skin between the toes, between the fingers, and behind the ears, during the past year, has reached almost epidemic proportions. In the control of any disease, an important factor is the means by which that disease is transmitted from an infected person to a healthy person.

"It is well known that members of golf-clubs, and those who frequent swimming-pools, are subject to skin infections of the feet—especially between the toes. There is no doubt that this infection occurs as a result of walking barefoot in these places.

"The leather strap in street-cars was displaced, several years ago, for the reason that it was found insanitary, it having been definitely proven that skin infections were transmitted through this agency.

"The Chicago Department of Health directed Dr. Cleveland J. White to undertake a series of laboratory experiments to determine the cause of the infections. Under the direction of Dr. White, an investigation was carried out to determine the probability of the disease being transmitted by the handles of clubs used frequently by many individuals at the miniature golf courses which have become a vogue in recent years."

IT was discovered that the ordinary leather-covered club handle used at such courses accumulated a layer of germ-laden material—the result of perspiration plus dirt plus germs from the diseased skin of individuals who had used the clubs. The following is a résumé of the report of the findings resulting from the investigation:

"Scrapings were taken from the leather handles of golf-clubs which had been in use on an ordinary miniature golf course. Such clubs are used repeatedly by many individuals, and this research represented an endeavor to determine whether it were possible for such clubs to be a probable focus of infection for some of the many cases of 'ringworm' of the hands.

"Four ordinary leather-handled putters were collected at a miniature golf course, and were wrapt in a clean heavy paper while in transit to the laboratory. They were not touched by any one save the dermatologist, and then only on the wooden portion of the handle. Scrapings from the handles were made in a laboratory of the Northwestern University Medical School, so there was no opportunity for the handles to be extraneously infected.

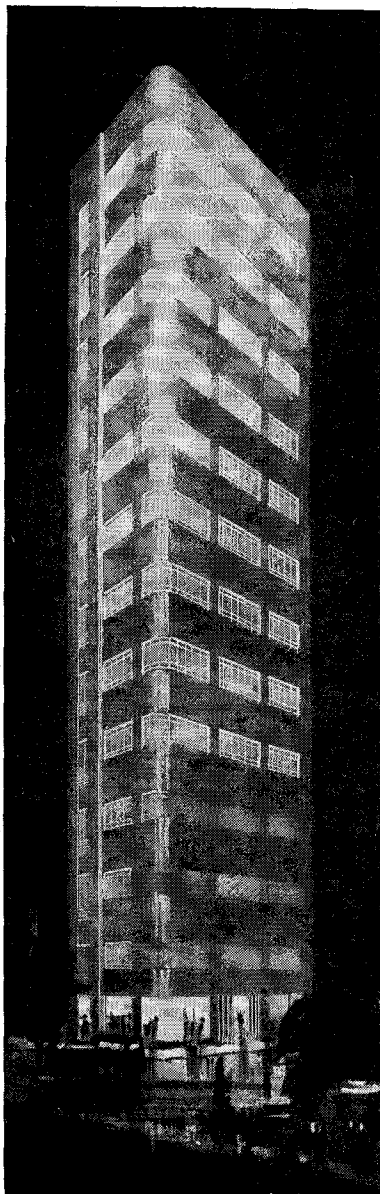
"Out of the twenty tubes planted from the four different clubs, pathogenic fungi grew in eleven, or 55 per cent. of the total."

IN summarizing the findings of this experiment, the Chicago Department of Health, for the protection of public health, authorizes the publication of the following statement:

"Fungi pathogenic for the skin were grown in over half of the cultures of scrapings taken aseptically from the leather handles of four different golf-clubs used on miniature courses.

Thus infections of the skin of the hands of the so-called 'ringworm' type may originate from such a source.

"This is the first instance in which such fungi have been reported from such a source. Furthermore, this is one of the very few instances where a possible source of such 'ringworm' infection has apparently been definitely proven."



Courtesy of The Architectural Record (New York)

Soon to Rise in Chicago

An all-metal apartment house by Bowman Brothers, architects.

Coming: The All-Metal Building

THE METALS, as unique materials in building-construction, are coming into their own.

Metal, in fact, says a writer in *The American Machinist* (New York), is "the basic modern material for building."

True, it has always played its part, though a subsidiary one. But, says the writer:

"Now, just around the corner is the all-metal building—not all-steel or all-bronze or all-aluminum, or even all-beryllium, but all metal. Each metal or alloy of metals will find its place in the economies and necessities of the modern structure, in the tastes of its architects and builders.

"As charity should, the all-metal building very probably began at home. In 1890, Neils Poulson built an almost all-metal house in Brooklyn, New York. With walls of copper, copper-riveted to steel uprights, this venerable house resisted the elements until its dismantling in 1930. Its undamaged wallpaper disclosed the tight protection afforded against the storms of forty years.

"As did the airplane, all-metal construction left its native shores for a period of nurturing and development in Europe. 'Die Stahl Kirche,' which should be all-steel to be consistent, is none the less a combination copper, steel, bronze, glass, concrete, and wood landmark in Cologne, Germany. Throughout Europe, countless metal homes and business buildings are in progress or in prospect. At last, metal construction comes home. In unregenerate Chicago, an all-metal apartment building is well on its way."

ESTHETICALLY and economically, the all-metal building is an assured success, the writer insists. If the builder wishes, he may still preserve conventional forms with simulated wood and stone and brick. But if he desires economy and modernity combined, the sky is the limit, figuratively and in truth. We read:

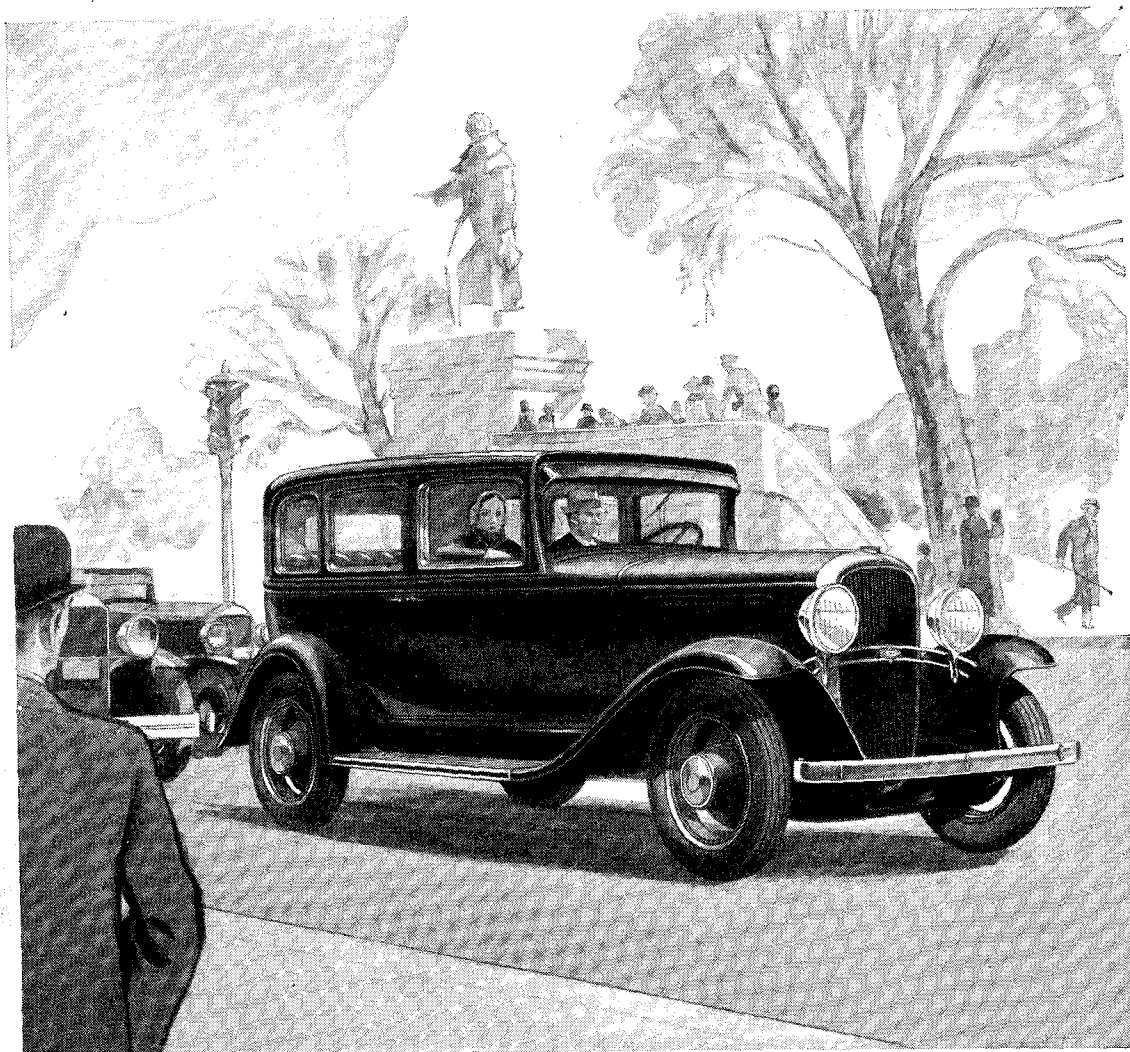
"Compare outside metal walls two inches thick with 14-inch masonry. It should be clear that for each running foot, a square foot of usable or rentable area will be gained on each floor. And the metal walls will cost less.

"Already a Mid-Western architect has conceived the plans for a house of metal, which would be built in complete units by mass production, and assembled according to a variety of patterns to suit the purchaser.

"In the new sky-scrapers the use of metal has come in strongly as a practical new practise. The metal-clad top of the Chrysler Building gleams above the lesser Alps of Manhattan, and the tallest building in the world, the Empire State, adds to its apparent stature by virtue of the narrow strips of mirrorlike metal from base to mooring mast.

"There would appear to be no reason why metal sheets and shapes could not be fabricated to fit the needs of builders and architects. Once the advantages of metal as a building material become thoroughly recognized, it will remain only for metal-working manufacturers to call in the aid of architects and establish definite specifications for sizes, shapes, and characteristics of metal building parts that will be most feasible for interchangeability in assembly.

"The next step is to fabricate all-metal buildings sectionally in factories, complete, and assemble them on the job. Revolutionary, but inevitable."



OLDSMOBILE'S NEW QUIET SECOND GEAR *gives a* NEW KIND *of* ACCELERATION SWIFT · SMOOTH · QUIET



You can't appreciate how much a really quiet second gear adds to driving enjoyment until you try the new Oldsmobile's performance in second.

For this feature, one of many important new ones now offered in Oldsmobile, gives a new kind of acceleration. It is unusually swift, to give you the lead in traffic. It is remarkably smooth, to give added zest to fast getaway. And it is almost unbelievably noise-free—actually rivaling high-gear performance in quietness, even when the pace is fast.

These unusual advantages of Oldsmobile's new Quiet Second Gear are

given the highest possible degree of utility by the famous Syncro-Mesh transmission. This feature . . . heretofore available only in higher priced cars . . . enables you to shift smoothly, quickly, and easily through all gears, without clashing. And this applies not only to the shifts from low into second and from second to high, but also to the change from *high back to second*. This shift . . . so difficult with the ordinary transmis-

sion, so valuable for safety on hills, and so useful for a quick burst of speed in traffic . . . can be made easily and silently, without reducing car speed.

The new Oldsmobile is a great car to drive for many reasons. And not the least of these is its new Quiet Second Gear—transforming Oldsmobile's smooth, increased power into keen, fast, quiet acceleration . . . and contributing new pleasure—new satisfaction—to driving.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

DO YOU SMOKE FROM HABIT



OR DO YOU
SMOKE

*for
pleasure?*



HOW many times a day do you reach for a smoke without thinking? That kind of smoking is just a habit, not a pleasure

Learn to smoke in the way that will give you the greatest pleasure. A pipe smoker smokes for the genuine enjoyment that his pipe gives him.

If you do not smoke a pipe, today is not a bit too soon to start. Get yourself a good pipe and fill it with Edgeworth, then settle down to smoke for pleasure.

Edgeworth's blend of fine old burleys and its distinctive eleventh process give it a flavor that the man who smokes *for pleasure* quickly learns to relish.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or clip the coupon below for special sample packet, free.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

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Send me the Edgeworth sample.
I'll try it in a good pipe.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Prepare to Salaam to the King of Siam

ON a white elephant—but no, alas! If King Prajadhipok rides up Broadway, it'll probably be in a limousine, like any promoter or vice-president.

His exalted Majesty, King of Kings, and so forth, goes in for motoring and golf, and it looks as if the royal white elephants of immemorial tradition were having their royal noses put out of joint.

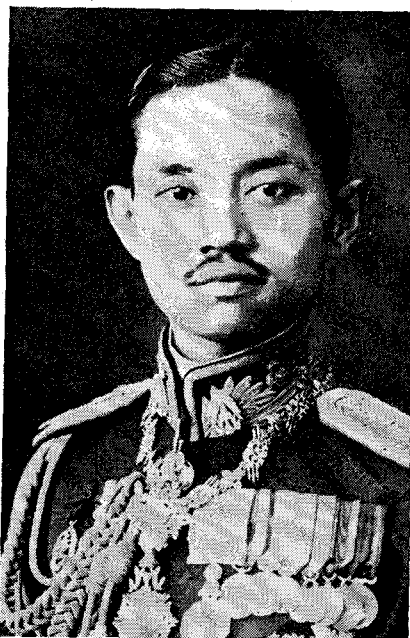
Except, of course, for purposes of religious pageantry in Siam, where the priesthood and populace cling to the old faiths

and during his American visit he plans to undergo an operation.

This is the first time in history, writes Lucian Swift Kirtland in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, that a reigning Asiatic sovereign has visited our shores.

Except when exchanging courtesies with President Hoover in Washington, the royal pair will travel incognito as Prince and Princess Sukhothai.

In New York they will be the guests of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, widow of a former



Underwood & Underwood



King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambai Barni

and observances, and get a big spiritual kick out of a white elephant in his Sunday clothes.

But King Prajadhipok, with his new-fangled hobbies, like social science and contract bridge, probably pays less homage to sacred elephants than did his sacred ancestors in the line of royal descent from the Lord Buddha.

HE and Queen Rambai Barni, who also plays golf, are expected here next month, according to the program at this writing. Her Majesty is small but buxom. Her disposition is sunny, and she is very pleased at being her royal husband's one and only spouse—for monogamy is another occidental idea that King Prajadhipok has taken up in a serious way. No King Solomon stuff for him!

The King and Queen are cousins. They were married in 1918, seven years before he was elevated to the throne, on the death of his brother, King Rama VI. No little Prajadhipoks or Rambais have come so far to play around their alabaster door-step, but they still have hopes.

His Majesty has trouble with his eyes,

American Ambassador in London. Mr. Kirtland writes further:

That the aid of an American practitioner, rather than a European, should be sought is not strange when one remembers the respect for American science held in Siam and the important part played by American science in that country in the development of modern medicine, and surgery in particular. There are several endowed American hospitals, including the famous McCormick Hospital at Chiangmai. And one may note the predominant number of Americans among the foreigners on the faculty of medicine of Chulalongkorn University.

THE King is youthful for his years, Mr. Kirtland tells us. He is thirty-three, and we learn that:

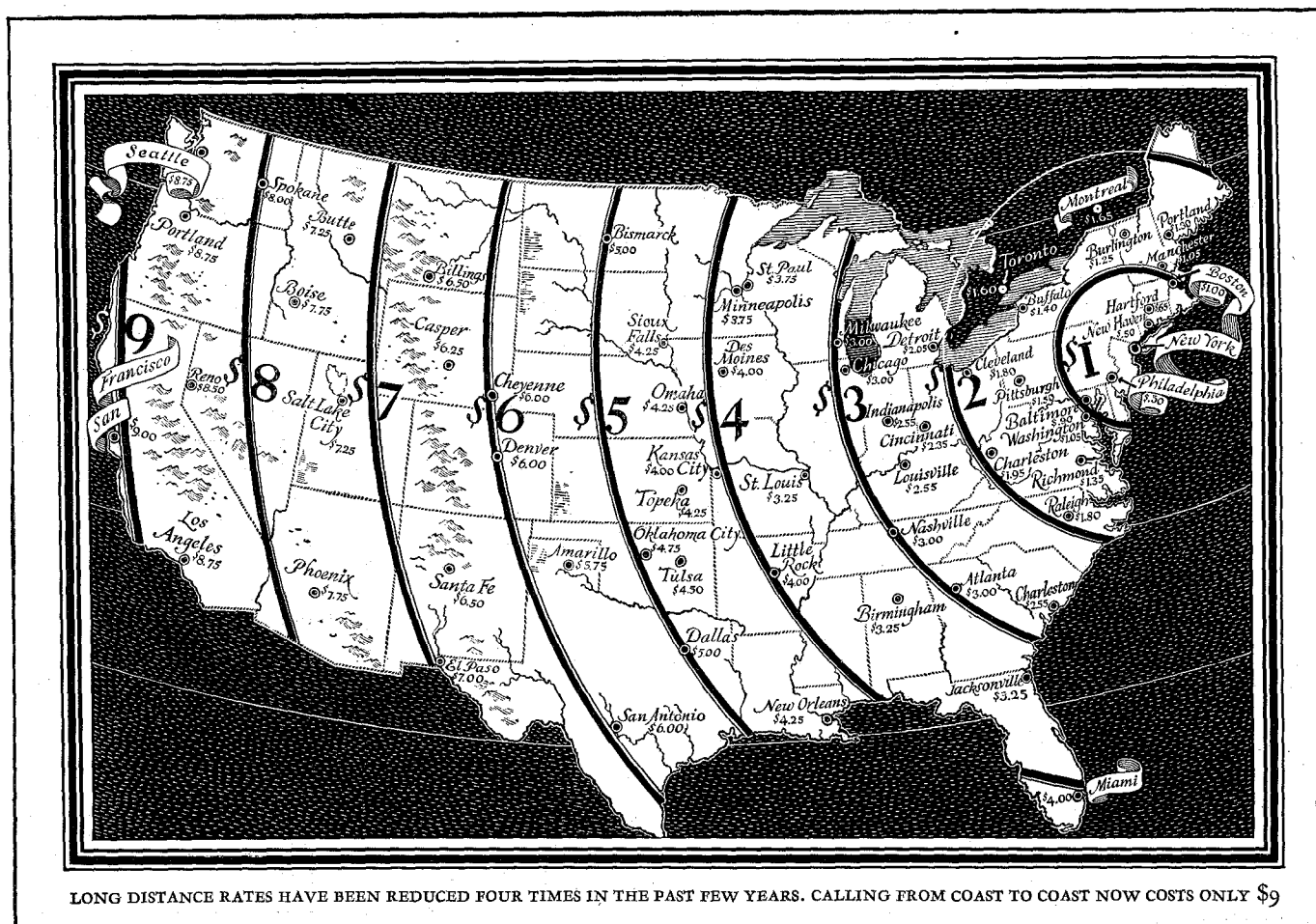
His slight figure is characteristic of the House of Chakkri, and so also is his prepossessing frankness of countenance, with his broad, intellectual forehead, the direct gaze of his eyes, and his friendly smile.

His usual dress on informal occasions is the Siamese costume, but when he wears one of the uniforms of his many supreme offices, his trim figure shows to advantage. His uniforms are cut by a British tailor imported to Bangkok.

A foreigner, upon being introduced to

TELEPHONE!

Today's economical way of doing business



RATES... low • • • SERVICE... better than ever

IN TODAY'S keen competition, the telephone is getting things done in minutes. It allows a person to *accomplish more. It cuts costs.*

A sales executive analyzed the methods of the men under him. He found that the most successful were increasing their productive time by the use of the telephone. Others were spending only a few hours each week actually talking to buyers; the rest of the time they passed in ante-rooms waiting to see prospects and buyers.

Long Distance does away with unnecessary waste of time. It is a quick and direct

pathway to greater sales opportunities. Whether it is used to make an appointment or to conclude a deal, it is one of today's efficient and economical ways of doing business.

The map shows some typical rates from New York City—station-to-station day rates for three minutes. Evening and night rates are even lower.

Telephone calls between cities cost little. Consider them in the light of what they get done and you will know why so many companies are instructing their people to *use Long Distance wherever possible.*



His Majesty, finds that he is being address by a liberally educated man of the cosmopolitan, modern world.

In fact, the King is more than usually well informed on a surprising number of subjects. He was educated in England, and speaks English perfectly, also French.

As part of his education, he traveled extensively. He is not only familiar with the European countries but also with America, for after a period of military training in France he returned to Siam by way of this country. It might be recalled, however, that at that time he was not the heir presumptive to the throne.

APROPOS of Prajadhipok's westernized point of view, we are reminded that his grandfather, King Mongkut, was the author of the deathless pronouncement, "A woman is not a cow." Mongkut was a romantic figure, faintly suggestive of the *Wandering Minstrel* in "The Mikado," but much more serious. His story is thus unfolded by Mr. Kirtland:

King Rama II had designated the young Prince Maha Mongkut as his successor, but on the death of the King (in 1809) one of the sons by a lesser wife seized the throne.

Mongkut, then aged twenty-one, barely managed to escape to a monastery, where he found sanctuary by becoming a Buddhist priest.

With shaven head and in yellow robes, as undistinguished as any other mendicant monk, he went forth among the people with his begging bowl. Thus, altho "retired from the world," he acquired a very worldly knowledge of how the common people lived and what wrongs they suffered.

It also happened, by fortuitous chance, that he became acquainted with Dr. House and the Rev. Mr. Caswell, two pioneer American missionaries. Mongkut found these strangers extraordinarily stimulating in their strange foreign knowledge and ideas, and he asked them to instruct him in the English language, foreign science, Western ethics, and Western theories of government.

One can imagine that Siam's modern story might have been far different if these two liberally educated and broad-minded men had been merely creed-bound zealots.

In the year 1851, on the death of his brother, Maha Mongkut was unexpectedly summoned from his seclusion to ascend the throne.

Forthwith he began putting into practise the lessons he had learned in adversity.

He dumfounded the Court by announcing that twice a week he would repair to the palace gate to hear the petitions of the people, and that even the lowliest among his subjects was not to be denied approach to the royal presence.

On one of the first of these occasions, and before the Court functionaries had as yet learned that these "audiences" were to be taken seriously, a young girl rushed forth from the circle pressing around the gate and threw herself at the feet of the King.

An Englishman who has lived in Siam for many years told me the story. He had heard it from an eye-witness.

The King motioned that the girl should speak.

She said that her father was about to marry her off to a loathsome old man, who had paid thirty ticals for her innocence.

Try to imagine the shock to the Court attendants when they observed such presumption on a woman's part.

The guards ran forward to thrust her into oblivion. But the King's order called them back.

AND then, at that dramatic moment, leapt from the royal lips the epoch-making proclamation, "A woman is not a cow!"

"Such an observation had never before been made in 10,000 years," exclaims Mr. Kirtland, continuing:

It was revolutionary.

It was red heresy. It was nonsense, and a pretty dangerous joke, too—giving women the idea that they were more important than cows!

The date of this royal pronouncement, if it were only definitely known, might be celebrated as Magna Carta day by the women of Siam. Of course, it didn't settle their emancipation then and there. But it was a tremendous beginning.

MONGKUT was the father of the magnificent Chulalongkorn, who reigned forty-two years, and who in his turn was the father of both Rama VI and our approaching guest, Prajadhipok.

Of Rama VI we learn that his zeal for reform was somewhat violent and autocratic. He tried to force Western methods of sanitation down the people's throats, as it were. He founded universities, jazzed up the Siamese Boy Scouts, and fought tooth and nail for the emancipation of women.

At one stage he thought of issuing a decree abolishing polygamy, but here he was discouraged by "a broad-minded American missionary," who is quoted as having said, when consulted:

"Your Majesty can well understand that the supporters of the missionary effort in America, should they know that my advice had been asked on this subject, would believe that I have been afforded a divine opportunity to influence Your Majesty toward an affirmative decision.

"But I feel that to do so at this stage would really be fanatically to uphold the letter of Western morality and to forget its true spirit.

"It is evident that monogamy is becoming the custom of all classes. In a generation polygamy will have disappeared.

"In the meantime there are the plural wives and the children of the older generation to consider. Why cast upon these innocents the stigma of illegitimacy?"

AND that settled the matter for the time being. But by dint of royal example and precept, and the general desire to imitate Western civilization, polygamy is no longer fashionable in Siam.

Rama II died in 1925, and Prajadhipok has proved a more easygoing reformer. Of his mode of life we are told:

With all its fêtes, pageants, ancient observances, formalities and glittering ceremonies, the Siamese Court can certainly not be called "simple," and yet—paradoxically—the life led by the King is for the most part a simple one.

Soon after his coronation, we read in *Every Week Magazine*, the foreign community celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the first Protestant mission in Siam. On this occasion, we are told:

The King and Queen, and other members of the royal family, took part in the celebration, which was held in the royal gardens.

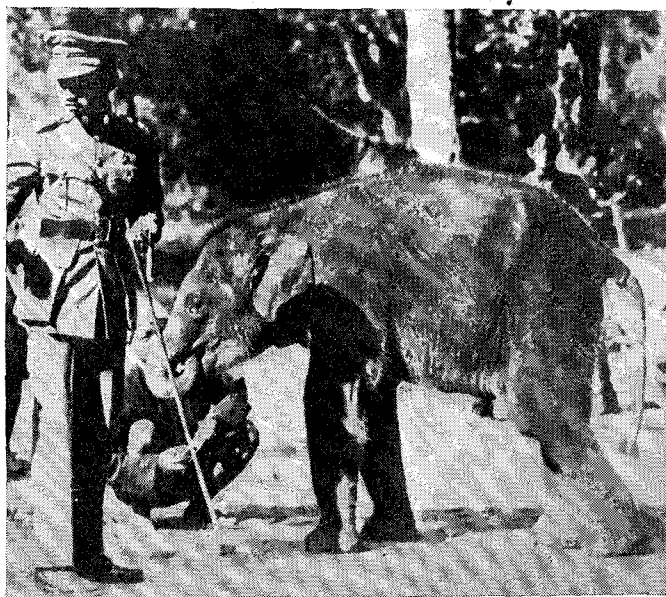
As a model of tolerance, consider the speech which this Oriental monarch made:

"Some people might wonder why Buddhists are so tolerant of other creeds, and also why the King and his predecessors, as Defenders of the Faith, have not only extended their protection, but have given their assistance to other faiths. The reply would be that the Buddhists rejoice to see merit made under the influence of any religion; the end sought being the prime consideration. If the motives of the missionaries are good, and if they can teach the Siamese to be better men and women, all Buddhists will rejoice in their work."

According to a Washington dispatch in *The Herald Tribune*, the State Department is worried over the pronunciation of the King's name. A Siamese authority prescribes "Praw-chat-e-pok," with the accent on the "chat."

An official who proposed "Praw-jaw-he-pok" has been overruled.

The King is expected on April 28.



By courtesy of *Every Week Magazine*

Yes, This Royal Pet Likes Sugar-Cane

The King is finding his way to the heart of a baby elephant presented to him by his subjects.

The "Teen Age"



LOOK at that fine boy of yours, brought safely through childhood ailments. Now, as he enters his "teens," while he is still growing, he must build his health to guard against tuberculosis—a mortal enemy of those in run-down condition.

Adolescence is a critical age in physical development. It is a period of special strain—when growth and change are rapid—and when health and strength must be kept at the highest possible point.

Your boy may be tempted to over-tax his strength and undermine his vitality by striving to compete with older and stronger boys. Or your daughter may risk her health by too much social activity added to her school work, or by dieting in an effort to keep slender in emulation of some screen celebrity. Low vitality and under-nourishment make boys and girls especially susceptible to tuberculosis.

During the early "teens" the development of tuberculosis of the lungs is usually so slight as to cause none of those familiar symptoms of the advanced stages of the disease—loss of

weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough. The first symptoms in adolescence may be listlessness, overtiredness, failure to gain weight, night sweats.

But in the late "teens" or early twenties, in event of low vitality, tuberculosis germs—especially in case of re-infection or heavy infection—gain headway. The tuberculosis deathrate reaches its peak among women at about age 22 and among men at about 42. Many of these deaths can be prevented.

Perhaps during no age in life are annual physical check-ups more important and valuable than during adolescence. And should you have any reason to suspect the presence of tuberculosis, consult your doctor as to the advisability of having the tuberculin or x-ray tests to find out whether or not your boy or girl is threatened.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, to anyone who requests it, a copy of its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis." Ask for Booklet 431-L.



The Metropolitan prints this message to aid in the intensive April campaign of the National, State and local Tuberculosis Organizations to safeguard boys and girls in the "teen age" against tuberculosis.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hitch Your Sled to a Shooting Star and Hold Your Hat

A SILVERY, bullet-like little craft, resembling an airplane shorn of wings and mounted on runners, roared and spat fire.

In two-fifths of a second it hurled itself fifty feet over the mushy ice on Oneida Lake, and, according to the *Syracuse Post-Standard*, Harry W. Bull, twenty-one years old, and a Syracuse University student, seated in the weird contraption "between twin streams of flame," had "made the first rocket sled run on record," in the gallant little *BR-1*.

It was a short run, and a breath-taking one, which stopt as "the plane-shaped little sled, leaping ahead with bullet speed, swerved from a narrow, shoveled course and plowed into snow that clogged its runners and swung it around like a pin-wheel.

"But it proved that the principle of rocket propulsion can be successfully applied to an ice-boat."

Three hundred people, gasping with terror and galvanized into action by the sled's erratic actions, "scattered pell-mell as the sled, with flames and smoke gushing from five exploded rockets on either side, whirled dizzily about and pointed straight back at the spectators."

Young Bull, startled but cool, sat with "a steady hand on the switch, which was set to touch off the remaining twenty-eight rockets in swift succession."

The smoke from the rockets was not long in clearing away, and in a few seconds the excited spectators were calm once more, *The Post-Standard's* reporter tells us, as he continues the narrative:

Within the next fifteen minutes, the young inventor made two more tests, both of which ended as abruptly and as thrillingly as the first one. But the excited gaze of onlookers and the grinding news-reel cameras witnessed beyond any doubt that the rocket-propelled boat was capable not only of moving, but moving with dazzling speed.

If Bull had the advantage of clear ice and a sufficient expanse cleared of obstacles, he could have fired off his full equipment, of rockets in quick order on the first test, as he had intended to do, and traveled at least 1,500 feet before using up his power.

As it was, he made the first successful rocket-boat demonstration known, and gave those who watched his feat a thrill they will not soon forget. Through it all he was smilingly calm and marvelously collected for any one literally sitting on a display of fireworks.

Two of his fellow students, both members of the group that helped Bull prepare for his experiment, were slightly singed in the first test.

They stood at the tail of his craft, gave it a quick push, and leaped back as he threw the switch that set off the first battery of rockets.

There was a hiss that went rapidly into a roar, and blinding flashes of flame shot backward from the rockets set near the prow.

The two helpers scrambled clear of the



A message from du Pont, makers of Duco

NOW and then, people who have had their cars refinished with what they supposed was Duco, complain to us that the finish is not "standing up."

In almost every case, investigation has proved that the finish was *not* Duco, but some other which may have been offered as Duco.

For this reason, in justice to you who will have some repainting done on your automobiles, and to ourselves, we feel compelled to issue this statement of fact:

There is only one Duco finish. It is made only by du Pont, who created it. Duco—genuine Duco—is the product which has pioneered in revolu-

tionizing the finishing of automobiles.

We do not say that no other finish is worthy of praise. But we do say that when you specify Duco—genuine Duco—for your car, you are absolutely sure of satisfaction.

Say "Duco"—insist upon Duco—when you have your car repainted. At the refinishing shop displaying the authorized Duco sign you can be sure that genuine Duco will be used. There's only one Duco, and it's made by du Pont.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan. Canadian Industries Limited, Flint Paint and Varnish Division, Toronto, Canada.



DUCO

MADE ONLY BY DUPONT



*What sort
of Captain
are YOU?*

TO those sparkling, yet serious young eyes, *you*; their "Captain", are a brave, unconquerable leader. Their faith in *you* is *your* trust. You stand squarely between them and the hard, unthinking world.

What sort of a captain are you? Of course, you're *good* to them, but are you *fair* to them? How well have you looked to the safety of your command? How thoroughly have you safeguarded their future, their mother's future, should you be taken from them?

For a moderate deposit you can now secure a \$20,000 *Aetna Family Income Policy* that will in the event of your death pay to your family, until the twentieth year from the date of the policy, an

income of 12% on \$20,000 which is \$200 a month or \$2,400 a year—

And, in addition to this \$200 a month, it will pay to your family at the end of the twentieth year from the date of the policy, the full face value of the policy, \$20,000—either in cash or as you may otherwise direct.

Smaller or larger incomes, of course, can be arranged to suit your personal requirements. The important thing is to *start building this wall of protection now*—and then add to it year by year.

Trained Aetna representatives in every part of the United States and Canada are qualified to offer helpful suggestions in arranging your life insurance program.

THIS BOOKLET tells how it is now possible for a man, even with a modest income, to provide a comfortable living for his loved ones when they need it most.



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Today!*

The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.



AETNA-IZE

THERE IS AN AETNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—
HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

THE AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford, Conn.

Please send me your free booklet, "Now We All Can Be Fair To Our Families".

Name

Address

3

You can't
BUILD A GOOD
POLICE FORCE

without

Good Material

and you can't make a good oil without a good crude

IT TAKES big, husky policemen to battle crooks successfully. And it takes a stalwart crude oil to produce lubricants that will battle heat successfully. Of course, skillful refining is important. But you need quality raw material to start with. Good oils can be made only from good material—the finest oils can be made only from the finest crude!

This finest crude, as oil experts agree, is Pennsylvania Grade Crude. For Nature made it remarkably free from impurities, gave it an "oiliness" matched in no other crude.

Moreover, Pennsylvania Refiners have been refining oils longer than any others. Not surprising, then, that the lubricants they produce last longer, and are more resistant to heat. Throughout the world, these oils are used for the toughest lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and

motorboat engine, in locomotive, turbine and stationary machinery.

Try a motor oil made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude! You'll get many more miles of super-lubrication to a filling—you'll add thousands of miles of life to your motor. You'll get more power, and you'll save gas.

The emblem shown below guarantees that oil sold under it has been made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product. This emblem appears on many different brands of oil. Every one of these brands is bonded to protect you.

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL

*.... from which the world's best
 motor oils are made*



smoke, and anxious hearts beat less painfully when it became apparent that they were not badly hurt.

Their overcoats and trousers were scorched black, and their eyebrows and hair were singed. Aside from that, they were all right except for whatever fright they concealed with grins.

THE record of the first run—fifty feet in two-fifths of a second—showed that Bull's invention is capable of starting at a speed of 125 feet a second—7,500 feet a minute—or about eighty-seven miles an hour." Reading on:

What speed the boat might have attained if it had been kept going remains to be disclosed by future experiments.

When it was all over, there were none in the crowd more relieved and pleased than Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Bull, the young inventor's parents, and his sister, Miss Jane Bull. For a long time they had been anticipating the experiment, and their fears had not been any more for the boy's success than for his safety.

Harry, not as elated as he might have been, but satisfied that his experiment had been more successful than the first experiments of many other pioneering inventors, told how much it cost to make the craft which has excited country-wide interest.

He spent exactly \$22 on it. Of that amount, \$15 was spent for the rockets and fuses. He designed and made the trim little craft during time he could spare from his studies in the College of Applied Science, where he is a junior. His mother and sister sewed the fabric for the fuselage.

Quaint Quirks of the Queer Money Quacks

THE crafty counterfeiter carried through his plot "swiftly and furtively."

In the dark of the moon he ran his boat alongside the rum-runner, lying off the Atlantic coast, and stepped aboard.

Fifty thousand dollars worth of contraband liquor was transferred from the bootlegger's craft to that of the bogus-bill distributor. Then, in the dim light, according to a Consolidated Press dispatch by Lemuel F. Parton, the buyer "peeled off \$50,000 in money, which wouldn't stand a second look in daylight. He got away with it, and sold the liquor for real money. The rum-runner was stuck."

Thus Mr. Parton, in an article suggested by the recent Geneva conference on counterfeiting, outlines one of the few ways in which the counterfeiter and the racketeer come in contact.

A recent "globe-trotting \$100 bill, so perfect that it fooled even the bankers," was one of many reasons why the United States joined two dozen other nations in this world-wide move against "bogus currency, bonds, checks, bills of exchange, drafts, and letters of credit."

In some large cities of Europe the familiar charge has been made that Soviet Russia is using counterfeit money to undermine capitalistic currency. But proof has been lacking, Mr. Parton tells us, continuing:



DOES EXCITEMENT ACCELERATE YOUR CIGARETTES?

**Keep . . .
a Clean Taste
with
Cooler Smoke!**

When life steps up to a thrill-a-minute speed . . . do your cigarettes keep pace with your pulse? That's a great time to find out about Spud's cleaner taste! In these straight-through-the-pack sessions, you'll find Spud's cooler smoke keeps your mouth always moist-cool and clean and comfortable. You'll find you can experience no end of Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance . . . and still be mouth-happy. Calm smoker or speed smoker . . . you ought to discover Spud's cleaner taste . . . the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



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France

Where one sees everybody from home and the rest of the world

Normandy of apple blossoms... Chartres Cathedral with the loveliest windows man ever made... crypt of St. Gervais at Rouen and birthplace of La Salle, the discoverer of the mighty Mississippi ▽ Picturesque Brittany with its clean little inns... Dinan where Anne of Brittany's castle is still to be seen... Rennes, the ancient capital with its Palais de Justice and museums ▽ The Chateau country with the smiling valley of the Loire... Chaumont where Catherine de Medici lived; and Benjamin Franklin made his home during a mission to France... Ambroise with its St. Hubert's chapel holding the remains of Leonardo da Vinci... Angers and the famous tapestries of the Apocalypse ▽ Poitiers with its Baptistère St. Jean, the oldest Christian church in France ▽ The million-dollar air of Biarritz with the pounding Bay of Biscay for a background ▽ Bagnères de Luchon high up in the Pyrenees with its famous baths and smart hotels ▽ The Roman theatre at Arles with its granite obelisk that Constantine brought from Egypt ▽ The snow-tipped Alps... hillsides of flowers climbing forever... little, lost churches with clouds for their door-mats... Mont Blanc, the loveliest and loneliest peak in all the world.



Information and Literature on request

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General Representatives

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Always in times of stress, nations have been nervous about their currency.

Napoleon urged the use of counterfeit money to undermine Austria, when he learned that England was doing just this to him.

One of the most effective Tory attacks against the American Revolution was a flood of spurious money.

Even Pliny warned the State against "the skilful executors of forged denarii" among their enemies.

While American currency is being cleverly forged abroad, the crime of counterfeiting has been somewhat on the decline in the United States in recent years. George J. Mintzer, Assistant United States Attorney, of the criminal division in New York, said this was due partly to the high efficiency of the secret service and partly to the growth of racketeering.

The counterfeiters have their own "mobs," and rarely does this crime, now somewhat outmoded in progressive America, engage the attention of the big business organizations which control "dope," liquor, slot machines, and similar enterprises. There is, however, an occasional overlapping.

One of the guests of Judge Vitale's famous gangster dinner in the Bronx was later arrested on a counterfeiting charge, but these instances are rare.

THE new and smaller United States paper money has made life harder for the counterfeiters, we read. The difficulty with the old currency was "that bills of the same denomination might bear the likeness of one of a half-dozen different Presidents." Thus, the account continues,

No particular picture was fixt in the average person's mind as the identifying mark of a particular bill. The new \$1 bill carries the face of Washington, and the \$5 bill that of Lincoln.

Doubtless the twenty-five nations meeting at Geneva would almost be ready to call it a day if they could get hold of the man who made that beautiful portrait of Uncle Sam's \$100 bill. These bills were widely circulated in foreign countries before being detected.

An alert bank clerk in Liberty Street saw something awry in an almost microscopic line, and uncovered what is doubtless the most expert counterfeiting job of the century.

For the last two or three years foreign counterfeiters have been increasingly active, and their favorite model has been the American bank note.

In Lisbon, Portugal, a year ago, one of the cleverest of money plots yet recorded was discovered, and \$5,000,000 in basement bills was taken. This counterfeiter had gone with forged credentials to the London firm which made the Portuguese money, and had them grind him out a few millions. A similar enterprise, possibly a Latin device, was unearthed in New York two months ago. A Mexican was arrested on the charge that, representing himself to be an agent of the Mexican Government, he had induced New York firms to make dies for turning out Mexican pesos.

Getting Him Warmed Up.—"So Edith has caught that young fellow who rescued her while skating. He seemed awfully shy."

"Yes, she had to break the ice."—Boston Transcript.

Old Faithful
And a hundred other geysers—wild animals, richly-colored terraces, boiling pools, waterfalls, mountains, rivers, the Grand Canyon—all in one national park—

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The AMERICAN STATIONERY Co. **PERU, Ind.**
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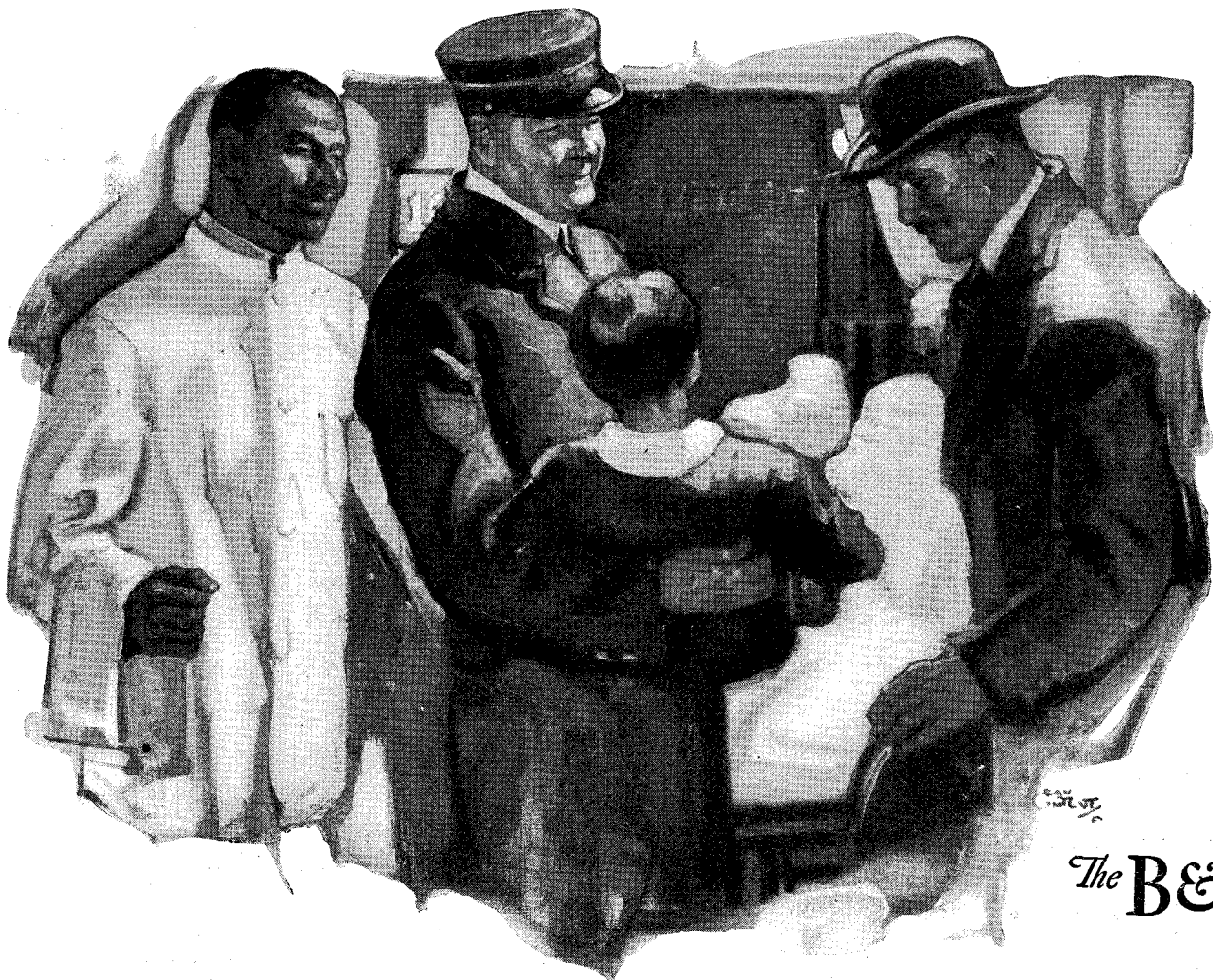
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I am the man who had the boy with the broken leg



The **B&O**

H E HAD explained to our people in Washington that he and his family must go to Decatur, Ill., with a helpless boy. As game and good natured a little chap as you often meet, by the way. When they reached Decatur, he felt moved to write us. Here is one paragraph of his letter:

"Words cannot express the service your railroad gave my family and myself on our trip last week to Decatur. As you promised, there was an extra mattress on the boy's bed and a wheel chair waiting for him at the station. The dif-

ferent crews all the way through were interested in us and made everything comfortable and homelike. In fact, the boy had more attention than he did at the hospital. The meals were wonderful."

Whether the people who ride on our trains from the East or West are traveling for pleasure or business, they seem to anticipate an enjoyable journey, looking forward to the many historic places along our railroad, with a stop-over at Washington. We do all

that we can to add to their pleasure and comfort, including the serving of meals which are remembered.

But we try to be especially considerate to those to whom travel might be a trial. Our engineers are instructed to start and stop gently and to take curves easily. Spring-ends are cushioned in rubber to absorb vibrations. Many have told us that they sleep better on the B & O.

If you have occasion to travel soon, why not try the B & O? We are very sure that you would like our service.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD



Morning Mouth

Everybody has it... Astring-o-sol corrects it

**Penetrates and
Protects
Your Mouth
and Throat**

Astring-o-sol instantly rids you of that dry, disagreeable taste you wake up with. Makes your mouth feel cool, refreshed and clean. Peps you up. Purifies your breath. Leaves a sparkling after-taste. And it also combats those germs that cause colds and sore throat.

Astring-o-sol's unusual effectiveness in correcting Morning Mouth is due to the fact that it penetrates deep into the tissues. Exerts a positive antiseptic action. Kills the germs embedded there. Is harmless to delicate tissues. Produces a mild astringent action inhibiting the growth and activity of bacteria. Leaves an antiseptic effect that remains for hours.

Concentration Makes It More Effective and Economical

Because Astring-o-sol is a concentrated preparation, it:
1. Does More; 2. Tastes Better; 3. Costs Less to Use;
4. Takes up Less Space. Dentists everywhere use it at the chair and prescribe it. All druggists have it. Get a bottle today. You'll like its delightfully different flavor and tingling action.



A 4-ounce bottle makes 12 full pints of refreshing mouth wash when diluted as you use it twice daily.



The Antiseptic Mouth Wash—

ASTRING-O-SOL
Protects Because It Penetrates

Frederick Stearns & Co., Manufacturing Pharmacists
Windsor, Ont. DETROIT, MICH. Sydney, Australia

Please send me a trial bottle of Astring-o-sol.
I enclose ten cents in stamps to cover postage.

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THE LITERARY DIGEST CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT
CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY
UNAVAILABLE

A FINE prop for days that bring dismay
or despair in *The Saturday Review*
(London):

SANCTUARY

By H. F. SMALMAN-SMITH

To hope, and hope again;

Face the long ordeal of the changing hours
Aglow with vision or stung dry with pain,
Reckless of toil, unstinting of your powers;
And when success, elusive, fails once more,
Work, as you worked, before.

To wait, and wait again;

Not knowing if of waiting there'll be fruit,
Fighting the midnight doubt, torn by the strain
Of energies enchained and protest mute;
And when the sterile days slip hungry past,
Have patience at the last.

To dream, and dream again;

Climb at your will to realms where you may keep
The once-perceived ideal aloof from stain,
Singly in judgment; so from the days to reap
Freedom from fate and self, serene, alone,
Live, with a life your own.

ANOTHER citation from "Manhattans,
Bronxes and Queens" (Robert M. McBride
and Company) will be welcomed as showing
a side of the writer's talent apart from
the satirical:

TO ELEANOR

By WILFRED J. FUNK

My very dear,
This poor hand lies so lightly in your own
As we sit here,
We two
Alone.

I pray
That you may understand
Some day,
Somewhere,
By a sweet miracle
The things that I would say,
And do not dare,
Or cannot.

My hand lies in your hand,
And my mute heart is eloquent with tears,
And love that wells
Into my eyes:
And otherwise
No word:
My lips are inarticulate and dumb:
But a soft tightening of your fingers tells
That you have heard
The words that would not come.

THIS is a self-contained soul who speaks,
giving a picture of isolation that might
make a less hardy spirit shudder. In *The
Spectator* (London):

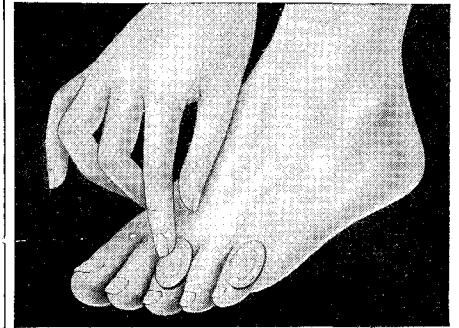
PERSIA

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

The passes are blocked by snow.
No word comes through, no message, and no letter.
Only the eagles plane above the snow,
And wolves come down upon the villages.
The barrier of mountains is the end,
The edge of the world to us in wintry Persia.
We are self-contained, shut off.
Only the telegraph ticks out its flimsy sheets,
Bringing the distant news of deaths of princes.
Day after day the cold and marvellous sun
Rides in the cold, the pale, the marvellous heaven,
Cutting the ice-blue folds of shadow
Aslant the foot-hills where the snow begins.
So would I have it, pure in isolation,
With scarcely a rumour of the varied world
Leaping the mountain-barrier in disturbance.
Are there not hearts that find their high fulfilment
Alone, with ice between them and their friends?

MARCH 28, 1931

CORNS



Pain Stops at Once

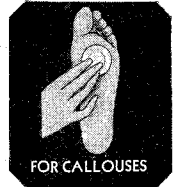
You will be amazed how quick is
your relief when you apply Dr.

Scholl's Zino-pads to
corns or sore toes. In
one minute pain is
gone—forgotten!

This instant relief is produced by the soothing, healing medication in Zino-pads. They cushion and protect the sore spot, completely removing the cause—shoe pressure.

100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

HUMOROUS HITS

and *How to Hold an Audience*, by Grenville Kleiser. Latest and best selections, including old favorites. Gives practical suggestions on delivery, voice training, etc. Cloth, 320 pp., \$1.50; postage, 10c.

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GROW THIN ON GOOD FOOD

By Luella E. Axtell, M.D.

Now—weight reduction that allows meat, eggs, milk, fruit, and vegetables in generous quantities. Developed and used by Dr. Axtell for over eighteen years in her private practice, this plan has proved conclusively that one can eat delicious and satisfying meals and yet get thin. Included in this volume is a large number of original and appetizing recipes.

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By
Physicians
and the
Press

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"Well arranged and written. It teems with valuable information for the lean and the fat. The book is free from fadism; its material is scientifically correct and is so presented as to give the reader many details."

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—Detroit Evening Times.

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WHO calls these days evil may cry with this one for the oncoming footsteps of relief. In *The New Statesman* (London):

HOSPITAL WARD

(Of This Generation)

BY G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

The world is sick, and we sick men
Listen for feet upon the stair:
And far off when we hear them, when,
Nigh to despair,
We think we hear them, we cry out
With hope and mockery and doubt
And blasphemy and prayer.

How beautiful the feet of them,
Thy messengers of peace!
But are they Thine? Shall they condemn,
Or bring release?
When all the thousand steps are climbed
At last, shall they appear
Haloed with life, or death-begrimed,
Hooded with fear?
In what strange guise to sick men's eyes
Shall they appear?

Far off the feet: along the ward
The sound-denying doors are shut.
But through each window like a sword
The streams of sunshine cut:
And through each window, like a knife,
The blackbird's song,
The springtime of another life,
Does to the sick man wrong.
O light, to alien eyes unkind,
O light, to make the sick man blind,
O alien song, O blackbird's note,
That clutches at the sick man's throat,
From company with you the years
Divide us, and our bitter tears.

The world is sick. Let not those feet
Delay upon the stair:
For silence stabs, when their soft beat
Falls soundless on the air.
Have mercy on us sick, O Lord,
Who restless lie abed,
Praying and cursing in our ward,
And listening for their tread.

HERE is a cynical *Polonius* of our day sending forth his son to succeed in the world. From the *London Spectator*:

BALLADE

BY J. C. SQUIRE

[To a Son, on his Entering a World where Culture and Fashion are so charmingly intertwined.]

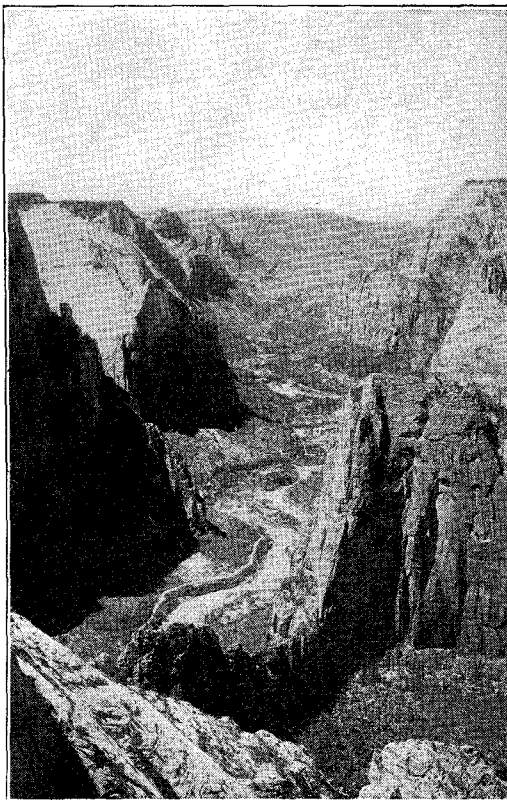
So let me summarize all I've said:
Darling, if you the world would woo,
Spectacle-rims are worn dark-red,
Socks should be crêpe-de-Chine and blue,
A mottled suede's the favourite shoe,
Trousers are pink, and amply hiped,
Hats are of baby peau-de-loup:
You must be properly equipped.

Acquire, if you'd appear well-bred
A vapid face of corpse-like hue.
The foot should move with languid tread,
The voice should be the trembling moo
Of an exhausted aesthete, who
All life's strange poisonous wines has sipped,
And found them rather tedious, too . . .
You must be properly equipped.

Be frank in some ways: call a bed
A Bed, and if you'd form a view
Of any saint or hero dead,
Study the monkeys at the Zoo,
Sexually quite a human crew
Though not so bogus—Time has ripped
The Good, the Beautiful, the True:
You must be properly equipped.

Envoi.

My boy, I love you bone and thew,
You're young Leander when you're stripped,
But do in Rome as Romans do . . .
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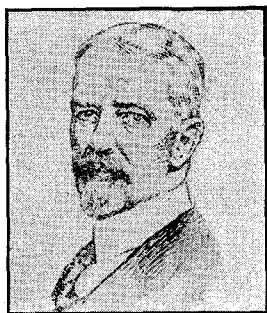
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Does the Million-a-Year Man Earn It?

PROTESTING stockholders are objecting to enormous bonuses given by some of our corporations to executives.

And there is a feeling in Wall Street that when some of these protests are brought into the courts, as now seems likely, Wall Street will have some valuable precedents for future profit-sharing plans.

Grumblings have been heard before over the Bethlehem Steel bonuses, which amount to a total of some \$36,000,000 a year for the group of executives, and much more than a million a year for President Eugene G. Grace alone. This, of course, was one of the matters which prevented the merger between Bethlehem and Youngstown Sheet and Tube, and now a committee of stockholders threatens to bring suit, and will make a fight at the stockholders' meeting next month.

And at the same time, stockholders in the American Tobacco Company are taking similar action in connection with their company's stock-bonus plan whereby President George W. Hill not only gets a cash compensation of a round million dollars yearly, but is enabled to make an additional \$1,275,000 in profits on stock issued at a special low price to officers and employees.

The argument against such policies is stated vigorously by Mr. R. W. Hebard in a letter to Mr. Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. This is his objection to the Bethlehem plan:

It is preposterous to claim that any such reward as your company has paid Mr. Grace and others is indispensable to obtaining "unusual effort and ability on the part of our officers or employees."

If this were true, it would be a forcible indictment against the policy, in this respect, adopted by hundreds of successful American corporations wherein only salaries are paid, or salaries plus a small bonus. There is no convincing evidence at hand that Bethlehem Steel is any more efficiently managed than innumerable other companies.

Nor is there any evidence that the officials of Bethlehem Steel, including Mr. Grace, possess any greater degree of "exceptional ability" than that found in hundreds of other corporations whose officials are paid salaries ranging from \$25,000 to \$75,000 per year.

ONE of the important questions before business to-day, writes Mr. F. H. Plumb, in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*, is whether it is to be a new fad with corporations whose many thousands of small stockholders are scattered over the nation "to distribute a fat bonus regularly among a chosen few."

The right man may be worth a million dollars a year to a big company, as Mr. Schwab asserts, but, declares *The Nation*,

"only a perverted psychology would assert that it was inherently necessary to pay him any such sum in order to get the best out of him":

It may be necessary in a society where money is the only proof of success, but business is in great need of moving forward to the stage attained by some of the professions, where success is measured not solely or even chiefly by financial return, but by eminence in the performance of function.

A reduction in the money rewards of business success, indeed, might result in a higher social esteem for the business man, even if in fewer million-dollar bonuses.

THE "idea behind the bonus system" is defended and explained at considerable length by Mr. Schwab in a letter to his stockholders. First of all, Mr. Schwab declares that Mr. Grace deserves every dollar he gets—"the principal factors in the success and prosperity of Bethlehem Steel Corporation have been his genius, his good judgment, and his untiring energy." Mr. Schwab has no hesitation in saying that "the right man may well be worth \$1,000,000 a year, and more." The chairman of the board of Bethlehem assumes full responsibility for these payments both in principle and detail. He insists that they are made not as gratuities but as "compensation for services rendered."

To answer complaints that the stockholders' money has been wasted, Mr. Schwab points out that "in the recent Bethlehem-Youngstown merger suit it was shown that for the six years ended December 31, 1929, the average administrative, selling, and general expense of Bethlehem, including all bonuses, was less than that of the United States Steel Corporation or the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, both in terms of cost per ton of steel sold and in relation to the percentage of gross sales."

The general philosophy of the Bethlehem plan is stated as follows:

It is a rare thing now for the real owners of a large business to manage its activities as was customary in previous generations. The size of the leading successful corporations to-day makes it almost impossible for any individual to own even a controlling interest in any of them.

One of the greatest incentives for the development of any business is a sense of proprietorship. Under the new conditions, therefore, it has become necessary to find a substitute for the incentive which the sense of ownership formerly provided.

To supply this sense of ownership many companies have adopted managerial profit-sharing plans.

In some cases they take the form of cash payments based upon earnings, as in the Bethlehem plan.

In other cases they consist of stock allotments which are paid for in whole or in

part out of a fund created by the corporation and based upon its net earnings.

Mr. Schwab's contentions are upheld by the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*:

To many people a million-dollar salary seems wrong.

But salaries are neither wrong nor right—they are merely a price for a service, and like other prices they are governed by supply and demand.

If it is not wrong for a man to earn a million dollars a year in his own business, over and above a moderate return on his investment, neither can it be wrong for him to be paid that amount in the employ of many stockholders.

As everybody knows, some high-salaried men are grossly overpaid; but this is because the people paying them are making an error in valuation, as frequently happens in appraising that intangible substance, a man's ability. When a salary begins running into the hundreds of thousands, there is less chance of such an error. Men do not get these rewards unless they have shown their ability in a remarkably impressive way.

If Mr. Schwab thinks that Mr. Grace is worth a great deal of money, others reach the same conclusion by their knowledge of Bethlehem's earnings records.

As to Mr. Hill, his success as president of the American Tobacco Company has been prodigious. Undoubtedly the prospect of earning a large commission (or bonus) has evoked his finest efforts. He has made far more for his stockholders than they are paying him.

What's Doing in Oil

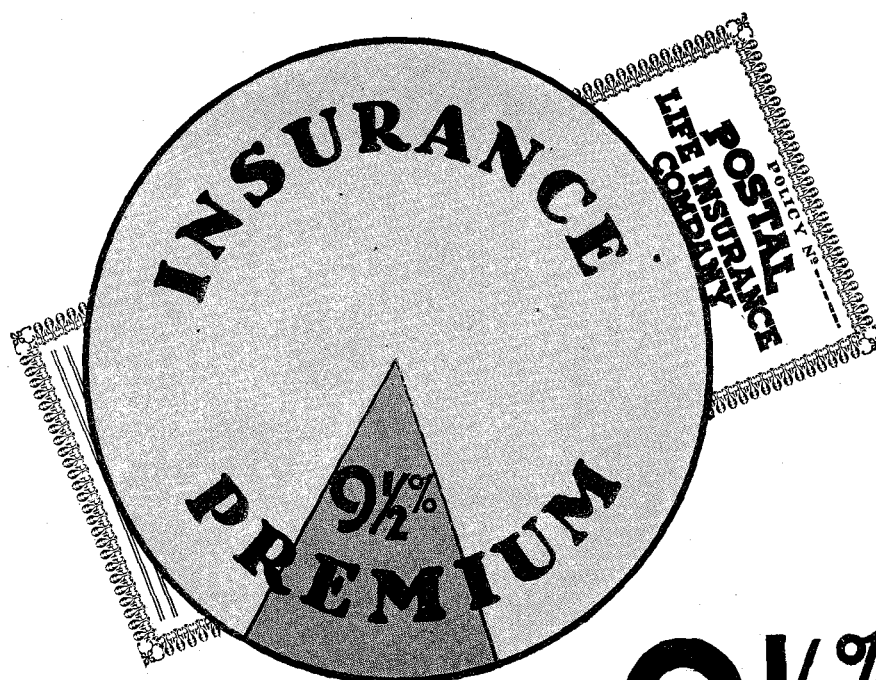
"AND so petroleum, mystifying and often itself mystified member of the great family of industries, goes its remarkable if erratic way—changeable, dynamic."

Thus reflects Keith Fanshier in the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* on "the rapid-fire procession of events of far-reaching importance" that have been disturbing oil men of late.

Some of them are favorable, some are unfavorable.

But without taking the time or trouble to interpret them, Mr. Fanshier simply lists a few of the turns that have confronted the oil industry in the last few months:

1. Trend toward further integration among the major oil companies, instanced by court approval of Standard of New York-Vacuum plans; and by reports of revival of plans for a much larger Standard group alliance, of nation-wide scope.
2. Late-year gain in gasoline demand, permitting winding up 1930 as one of few industries ahead of 1929.
3. Action of the Federal trade commission in throwing out the oil code of ethics. Immediate call for an emergency meeting to map out a new national oil marketing policy.
4. Looming of Congressional investigation, this time welcomed by many oil-trade leaders.
5. Withdrawal from the Mid-Continent crude market of a group which for a generation had been foremost oil buyers there.
6. Intensification of the fight over pro-rating at Oklahoma City; posting of the



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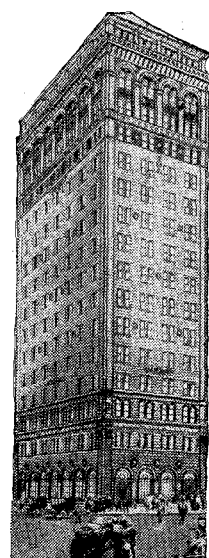
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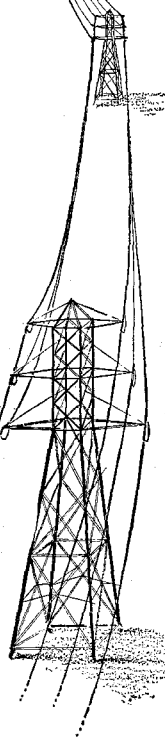
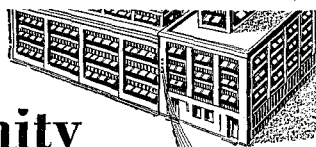
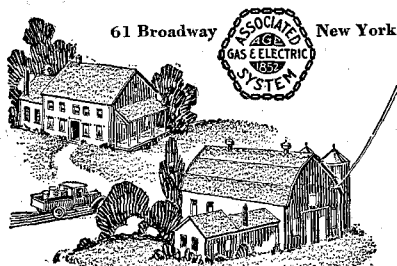
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19. Coincident increase of gasoline taxes to new high levels.

20. Unseasonably fine weather, stimulating gasoline demand but causing falling off in burning oils.

What Action—or Inaction—on War Debts Will Do

SO much talk has been rife recently in financial and political circles about revising the inter-Allied debts that the Alexander Hamilton Institute thinks it is about time for some one to come forward with an analysis "of the effect the cancellation or non-cancellation of these obligations would have on the debtors as well as on the creditors."

Of course, it is remarked in the Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*, there is no legal relationship between inter-Allied debts and reparations. But, in fact, most of the money our debtors pay us comes directly from German reparations payments to them. This relationship is seen in the following table, which gives in round numbers the average annual payments from 1929 to 1965:

	Payments by Germany to Allied Countries	Payments to the United States by Allied Countries
France.....	\$249,300,000	\$108,400,000
Great Britain...	97,400,000	177,300,000
Italy.....	50,900,000	26,500,000
Belgium.....	27,500,000	11,700,000
Jugo-Slavia.....	20,000,000	1,100,000
Germany.....		15,700,000
Roumania.....	4,800,000	1,900,000
Portugal.....	3,100,000	
Japan.....	3,100,000	
Greece.....	1,700,000	300,000
Poland.....	120,000	6,900,000
Total.....	\$473,700,000	\$349,800,000

And then we have the Hague agreement among the Allies that "if the United States should reduce the inter-Allied debts, Germany would profit to the extent of 75 per cent."

Now to proceed a little further with the economic effect of cancellation, it is noted by the Alexander Hamilton Institute that "so long as the international capital market is willing to absorb German securities, reparations as well as inter-Allied debts will not disturb the international movement of commodities." But with the international capital market disorganized as it is now, "the payment of reparations forces Germany to increase its exports while it decreases its imports, thereby further disrupting the international movement of commodities." This, then, would be the immediate effect of cancellation or reduction of inter-Allied debts:

Germany would not be forced to export in such large quantities, and could use the proceeds of her exports toward the purchase of commodities.

It would therefore mean a revival of international trade.

On the other hand, it should be noted that the cancellation of inter-Allied debts would immediately increase the taxation burden of the people in the United States. While the amount in itself is not large as compared with the total revenues and expenditures of the United States, it plays a substantial rôle in times when the revenues of the Federal Government are decreasing and expenditures are increasing.

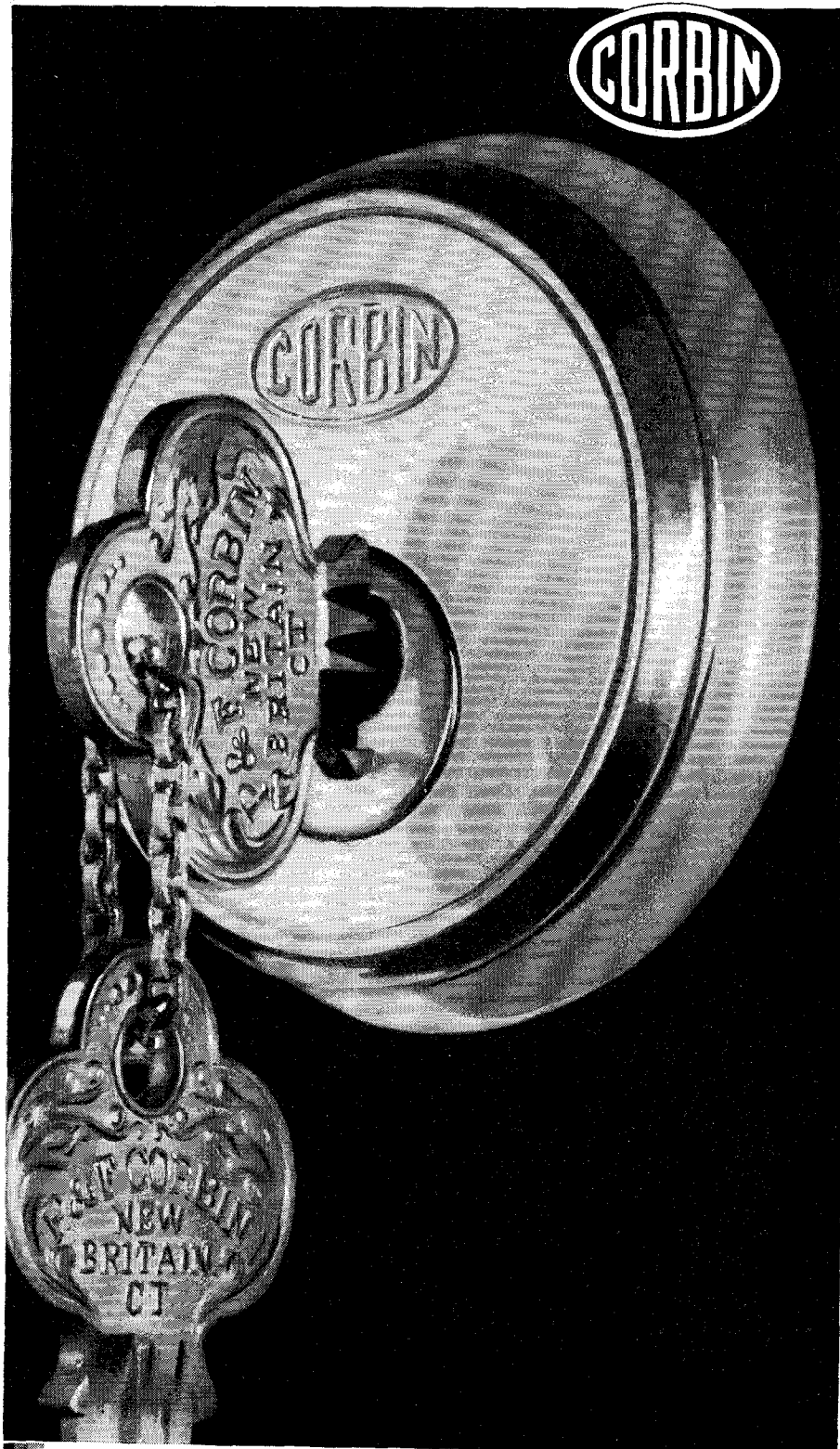
The question of cancellation or reduction of inter-Allied debts consequently centers primarily on a decision as to whether a revival in trade is more important than an increase in taxation or, to say the least, a postponement of the reduction in taxation in the United States.

If this country persists in its present stand on the debts—based on the principle that they "represent money actually loaned to the various debtor countries, and that the reduction in the rate of interest alone has already meant a substantial sacrifice to the United States"—"the question still remains whether Germany would be in a position to continue its reparations payments under the Young plan." This, of course, depends on business conditions. If the world-wide depression continues for a long time, Germany might have to invoke the moratorium granted to it by the Young plan. This "would force the individual countries to pay inter-Allied debts out of their own budgets" and would add to the business unsettlement in Europe. But it is noted that nobody has questioned the ability of the individual countries to pay their share of the inter-Allied debts, tho Germany should invoke a moratorium. Therefore—

The main effect which the non-cancellation of debts would have at a time when Germany invoked the moratorium clause of the Young plan would be a further increase in the political uncertainties in Europe, which would have an adverse effect on the international flow of capital and on the international money market.

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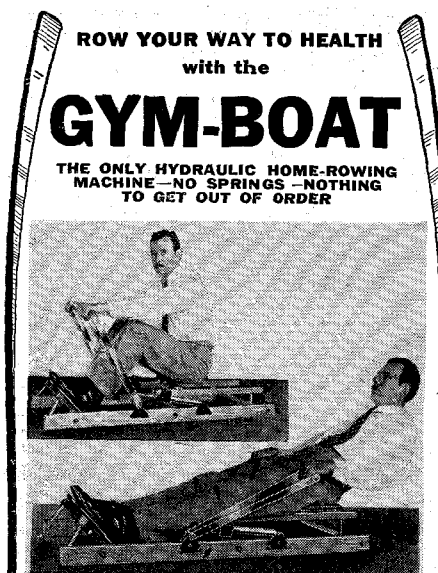
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Rub It in, Sister.—She was so dumb she thought noodle soup was a kind of shampoo.—*Iowa Frivol.*

Good Skating Rink.—TEACHER—"Yes, Johnny, Lapland is rather thinly populated."

JOHNNY—"How many Lapps to the mile, teacher?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Up Against a Champion.—WIFE (to boxer returning from fight)—"Ow did you git on, Bill?"

BILL—"Fine—put 'im to sleep in the third round."

WIFE—"Good. Well, now you can try your 'and on the baby."—*Passing Show (London).*

Counting the Cost.—A Chicago actress came into a lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the lady. "I can have him shot for ten."—*Frivol.*

Sore Love, Sour Honey.—Love and Honey came into the life of Harry Somerfeld but, apparently, he objected to their manner of arrival.

Elmer Love and Hayercraft Honey were in Love's car when it collided with Somerfeld's. All three men alighted.

"Love," testified Somerfeld, "hit me in the jaw, and Honey kicked me."—*Washington Star news item.*

Legs and the Boy.—As the cup was handed over into the youth's hands, there went up cries of "Speech! Speech!" and the hubbub broke out anew. Meanwhile the lad was able to collect his thoughts and, of course, to catch his breath. Then he stepped up on a bench. There came an abrupt and eager hush!

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have won this cup by the use of my legs. I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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Dear Mr. Umpstead:

Let's see. What'll I tell the old jackass. In reply to yours of the sixteenth we are surprized to learn the super-power two-ton used truck you purchased from us is not giving perfect satisfaction. We had to sell it quick before it fell to pieces.

As you know, Mr. Umpstead, we inspect all used cars thoroughly before turning them over to the purchaser. Your truck was in excellent condition when it left our garage. That's a swell dress you have on. New, isn't it?

It is possible your driver is at fault. Four miles to the gallon is very poor mileage for a truck in such good condition as yours. Four gallons to the mile would be about right. I never noticed before you had a dimple in your chin. Bring it around and we will have our expert mechanic make the proper adjustments.

Sincerely yours,

Just sign it yourself.

—*Life.*



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Slips That Pass in the Night

Get Your Umbrella.—Young lady, with experience to disperse soda.—*Plainfield (N. J.) paper.*

'Lo, Maudie!—Wanted—Farm mule. Must be reasonable.—*Ad in the Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Testimonial.

NEBRASKA OFFICERS
BEST BANK BANDITS
—*Texas paper.*

Under the Collar?—Formal contest was filed in the Senate by Senator Heflin of Alabama against the election of John H. Bankhead to the heat now held by Heflin.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Quaint Ohio Custom.

MISS KATHRYN K— AND
MR. LEO S— WILL EX-
CHANGE MARRIAGE COWS
—*Cambridge (Ohio) Jeffersonian.*

What Brand?

WOMAN IMPROVES
AFTER SWALLOWING
POTION OF POISON
—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Give It the Gas.

DEPERE MAN IN JAIL FOR
STEALING CAR STRICKEN
WITH APPENDICITIS
—*Appleton (Wis.) paper.*

Broken Toys.

40 UNEMPLOYED SENT FROM
CANADA LIKELY TO SWELL
BRITISH DOLL RANKS
—*New York Times.*

Oh! Forgive and Forget!

DEAD WOMAN
FACES TRIAL
FOR MURDER
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Darby and Dobbin.—Simon Shields lost a horse the first of the week that he valued very highly. It was the one he went to housekeeping with.—*South Bend correspondence in a Council Grove (Kans.) paper.*

A Real Scorch.

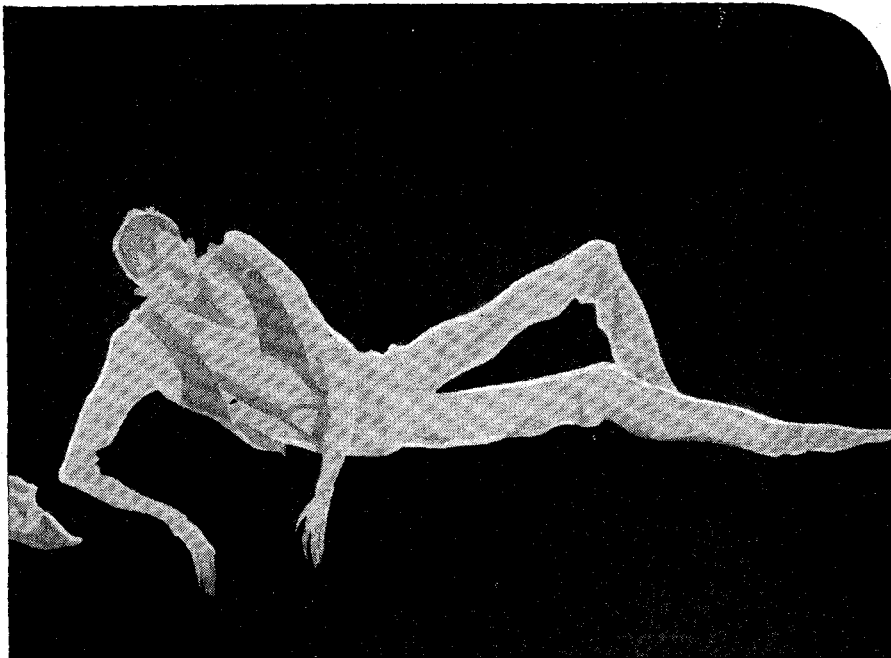
ROCKET ICEBOAT
TESTS SUCCEED;
2 AIDS SCORCHED
—*New York Herald Tribune head-line.*

Say It with Flowers.

BANKER URGES FUND
TO PAY DEFUNCT
BANK DEPOSITORS
—*Unidentified paper.*

And Einstein's Gone Home!—The watch may be used as a compass. Point the hour-hand to the north, then, in the morning half-way between the hour-hand and noon is south. In the afternoon one must reckon backward.—*Salt Lake Telegram.*

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